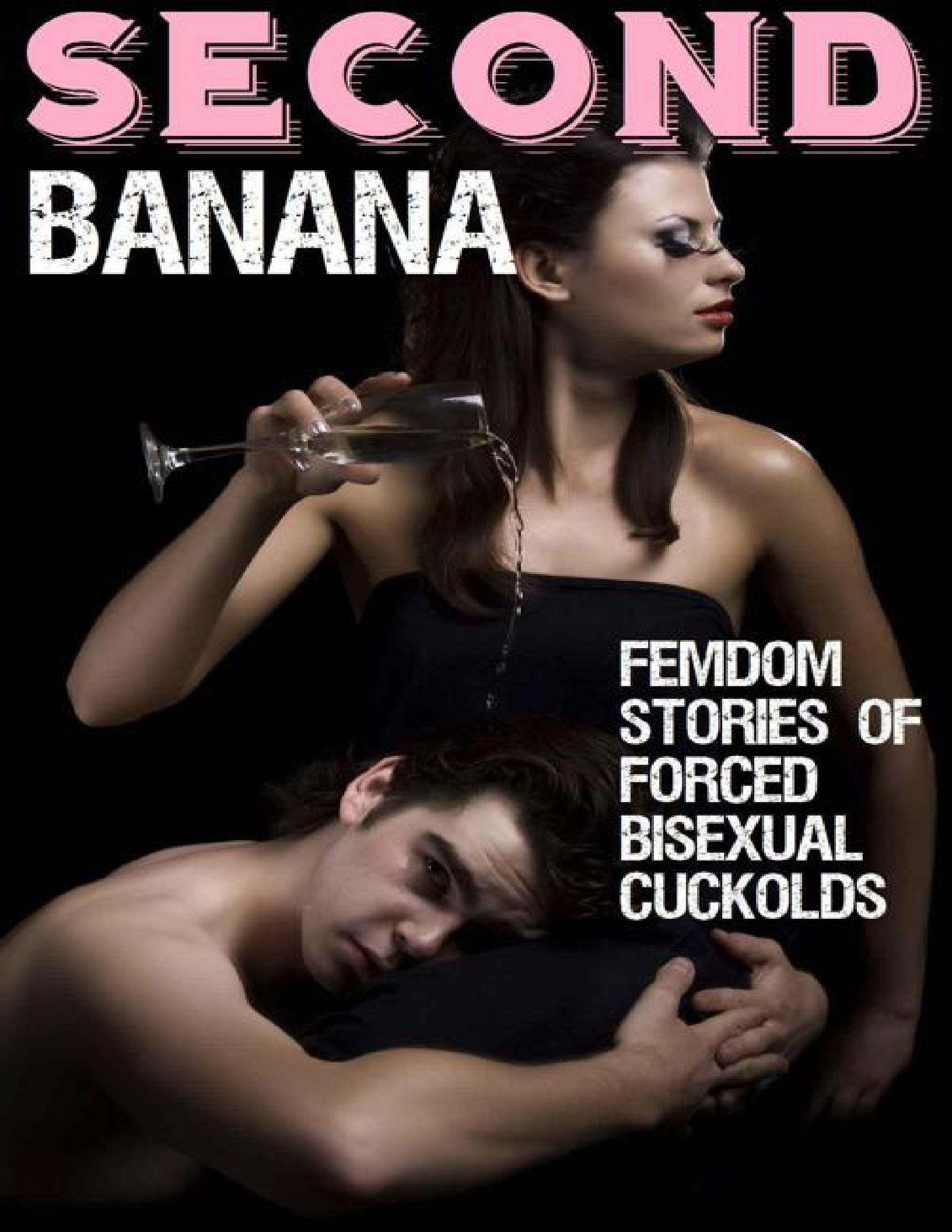


SECOND

BANANA

A woman with dark hair, wearing a black strapless top, is shown in profile, pouring water from a clear glass into a man's hair. The man is lying down, looking towards the camera with a somber expression. The background is black.

FEMDOM
STORIES OF
FORCED
BISEXUAL
CUCKOLDS

SECOND BANANA

Femdom Tales of Forced Bisexual Submission

Edited by Kylie Cooper and N.T. Morley

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Second Banana is an explicit erotic collection of consensual power play stories. It is intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank descriptions of sexual behavior, including forced feminization, domination and submission, infidelity, cuckolding, cheating, sadism, masochism, bondage, oral sex, anal sex, forced exhibitionism, erotic punishment, erotic humiliation, threesomes, strap-on sex and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

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Book Description for Second Banana: Femdom Stories of Forced Bisexual Cuckolds

In *Second Banana*, betrayed husbands submit to the ultimate in cuckold humiliation: serving the guys who please their women the way a sissified cuckold never could! From a studly underwear model to anonymous cock at a glory hole, these "real men" take pride in getting as rough as they like with humiliated husbands. And like all properly cock-trained sissies, the hubbies in *Second Banana* learn to accept and even appreciate their proper place in the order of things...

Second Banana features seven stories and more than 30,000 words of explicit Femdom erotica.

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Underwear Model by Tiffany Gilmour

As soon as Jim opened the door, he knew he would find another man in bed with his wife.

Nothing was out of place in the entryway or the living room, but a pungent scent hung on the air of the townhouse. It was the sharp scent of sex.

Jim was used to smelling the telltale whiff of female arousal -- his wife's, in particular. Jim had never really smelled that until recently -- not *real* arousal, not the kind that indicated a woman turned on beyond all belief. Now, he knew the scent all too well. He smelled it whenever his wife tied him up and hurt him.

But it wasn't just the familiar scent of Lisette's pussy that told Jim just what he would find in the bedroom. After all, his wife was a freelancer now. She could have taken the afternoon off and come home for a wank, right? She used to do that sometimes, but she didn't do it lately. She didn't like to cum alone. She preferred to get her satisfaction in the arms of another man...anyone who wasn't Jim.

Correction: not *anyone*. Lisette had certain obvious preferences, and Jim had only himself to thank for them. That's why he knew he would find her in bed with a black man: the kind of man Jim used to dream of her fucking. When he sneaked in a jerk in the men's room at work or in bed when he thought Lisette was asleep, Jim used to fantasize about her spreading her legs for a powerful man with a very big cock; in Jim's mind's eye, the man who possessed his wife was always black. Jim didn't know why. When he confessed this fact to Lisette -- after letting hints drop over the course of weeks about his submissive and cuckold fantasies -- she had thrown a fit. He was racist, she said. It was wrong to objectify someone like that. What's more, she wasn't particularly attracted to black men. She claimed that she didn't want to fuck anyone else, and if she *were* to indulge her husband's sick fantasies, she would probably want to fuck someone like him: white, a

little bit older. Maybe a little more fit, more sensuous, maybe even -- she admitted this only after repeated prompts from Jim -- a man with a bigger cock. But she wasn't going to do it anyway, she said. She had no desire to fuck another man, and if she did, he wouldn't be black.

Both of those things changed dramatically.

It hadn't happened all at once. First there had been the domination, of course -- that went on for quite a while, building on itself for months as Lisette got more comfortable with dominating her husband. Then there had been the chastity -- something Jim had initially begged for, but grew more reluctant about as his wife's domination grew crueller and the number of weeks between handjobs grew greater. Then there had been the increasingly explicit fantasies Lisette teased him with when she sat on his face or fucked him in the ass. Fantasies of her doing just what she'd initially said she had no interest in. When Jim pressed her, she still claimed she'd never cheated on him. She was simply indulging his sick, disgusting fantasies, she told him with some affection. *Because she loved him.*

But for some time now, Jim hadn't been too sure. The vivid details of the sexual stories his wife told him when she tormented him seemed far too exquisite to be entirely invented. He suspected she was lying to him, or at least not giving him the whole truth. On the rare occasions when she unlocked his cock and let him jerk off, that was what always flooded his mind.

When Lisette's freelance photography business began changing from high-end product photography to fashion -- particularly men's fashion -- Jim was tormented by thoughts of all of the handsome men his wife was around every day. She did everything from sportswear to underwear to formalwear, photographing many men in nothing but jockey shorts, jock straps, boxer shorts, and the like.

But those weren't the men Jim was most worried about. He knew what his wife liked. He would never forget how, when she first took over the reins of his life -- both in the bedroom and outside of it -- she had quickly changed his wardrobe. Even though he was a computer programmer and

didn't have to dress up for work, Jim was no longer allowed to wear jeans and a T-shirt. For more than a year now, he'd gone to work in a suit.

Lisette liked men in suits. They turned her on.

But Jim cut a far less impressive figure in a suit than did the men his wife spent most of her workdays photographing.

Some months earlier, Lisette had accepted an assignment to shoot both suits and men's underwear shots for MacLean's, a menswear line catering to African-American males. When that happened, Jim knew, without having to ask his wife, that it was just a matter of time before temptation got the better of her. If it hadn't already.

That's why Jim wasn't the least bit surprised when he smelled an unfamiliar scent on the air of their townhome. Mixed in with his wife's quite familiar sexual odor, there was the bouquet of masculine sweat. When he entered the dining room, he even knew who it would be.

Lisette's fashion photography was usually done on location or in a professional studio, but she'd maintained her small, makeshift home studio from when she'd been doing more product photography. She'd converted the dining room of their townhome; it served quite admirably as a small studio. She sometimes did fill-in photography there. On one end of the room was her computer, with its huge screen and multiple peripherals. On the other end, there was a loveseat. Before the change in her business, it had been a light box for products, but now it was a loveseat. One of the nearby closets had many different sheets, so that Lisette could drape the sofa however she liked to get a particular color. Behind it, a huge roll of white paper suspended from a rod. Hot lights on stands were tucked into the corners of the dining room, trained on the loveseat to ensure Lisette could get the optimal lighting. During the day, she preferred to use natural light; for this, the huge bank of windows that made up one wall of the dining room was idea. The curtains were swept back.

Near Lisette's computer was a folding work table. Spread on it, Jim found a series of headshots, body shots, even semi-nudes -- underwear shots -- of

a handsome black man. They were 8-by-10 glossies, the sort of thing only the very professional models bothered with anymore; most of them just emailed JPGs.

There were perhaps a dozen glossies, each with the model's name and contact information printed at the top. *Darik Blake*. The information sheet gave his age as 26, ten years younger than Lisette and twenty years younger than Jim. Jim leafed through the glossy photographs, his eyes wide. The guy had a perfect body. He was huge, ripped and cut. And of course he was black.

Of the dozen photos, half featured Darik in suits. He wore them well, with his broad shoulders and lean, well-defined physique.

The rest of the glossies featured Darik in underwear.

The underwear was stylish, high-end stuff, and Darik Blake wore it as least as well as he wore the suits.

From the looks of that portfolio, Mr. Blake's modeling work was mainly focused on these two areas: underwear and suits. Could there *be* another way to provide a model tailor-made for someone like Lisette to cheat with? Then again, maybe those were just the photos that Lisette had selected from an otherwise extensive portfolio. Obviously, Lisette had picked out what she liked.

The underwear shots were what drew Jim's full attention. As much as his wife liked men in suits the handsome guy's dressy look could only be so hot.

But when Jim saw him semi-naked, his eyes widened with dismay. The guy was a sex god, no question about it.

In fact, Jim would have been tempted himself, if Darik had been in front of him. Not to do anything with him... but to pimp him to Lisette. Jim had long been convinced that Lisette would cheat on him sooner rather than later... and what better man than this one for her to cross that line with?

Lisette must have been tempted beyond all reason. After all, wasn't Darik exactly the sort of guy she was always telling Jim stories about when she had Jim tied up and was pulling one of her legendary tease-and-denial routines?

A new thought occurred to Jim: Could Lisette even have planned to cheat on him with this Darik Blake?

Why else would she schedule a photo shoot with him at her home studio - and forget to mention it to Jim?

Jim looked through Darik's portfolio with longing. In his underwear shots, Darik's physique was placed breathtakingly on display. But these photos accentuated an asset that most underwear catalogs took pains to tastefully under-emphasize.

That was impossible with Darik, unfortunately. He was *hung*.

Jim stared in dismay at the massive bulge formed by the young model's package. Jim's own cock, embarrassingly smaller, began to swell in his panties.

He felt a hot wave of humiliation.

He drew a deep breath, smelling his wife's sexual sweat on the air...and Darik's. Jim's comparatively small cock swelled still more, until it stood out full and firm in his panties, stretching his suit pants beyond.

Jim looked toward the hallway that led to the bedroom. He could see the door open. Were they in there? If so, had they heard him?

Lisette's screen had gone to a rotating screen saver that flashed up some of her best underwear shots. Beside her computer was her camera, a cable running from between them. She had been downloading photos -- and recently. The ice in her diet soda was only partially melted.

Against his better judgment, Jim reached out and jiggled the mouse.

The screen resolved to an image of Darik, stretched on the loveseat in a fresh pair of white underwear. He was seriously drop-dead gorgeous. It made Jim's cock throb to think about his wife even being in the room with that kind of a man, let alone pointing her camera at him.

Jim started to page through the photos. He cruised quickly at first, watching the scene subtly shift as Lisette's pictures showed Darik taking his shirt off, displaying broad shoulders, a big chest and ripped abs at least as gorgeous as the rest of him. Another ten photos, and Darik started to take his underwear down. Jim watched, and kept hitting the forward button. His breath quickened. Ten photos later, Darik had lost his briefs. He was naked.

Yes, gloriously, gorgeously naked -- sprawled out like he didn't have a care in the world.

The man radiated confidence.

On the big screen of Lisette's computer, his image was even more glorious than it was in the 8 x 10 glossies on the table.

And now that Jim got a better look at the member that had caused such a bulge in Darik's underwear shots, he realized the model was even bigger than he looked. His cock was *huge*.

In these nude shots, Darik's dick was flaccid, but even so it had several inches in length on Jim's cock -- and there was no comparison at all when it came to girth. Darik was *thick*.

Jim whimpered as his little member gave an embarrassing jiggle inside his tight satin panties.

He wanted to take his cock out. He wanted to beat off as he looked at Darik's enormous dick and thought about his wife looking at that massive dark member, even taking pictures of it. Jim wanted to stroke himself off to the thought of this glorious sex god in bed with his wife. He wanted to look

at this photo of this huge, hard stud and imagine that mammoth cock in full deployment, rhythmically penetrating Lisette's tight holes.

Those holes were nothing more than a distant memory, now. Jim hadn't been allowed inside his wife's pussy in over a year. Even her mouth was denied to him. Jim's life was one of enforced chastity, his dick embraced daily by panties under his suit -- while his hot photographer wife spent her time with irresistible hunks like this.

Jim kept paging through the nudes to see if Lisette had captured images of Darik's mammoth dick in full flight. He was acting against his better judgment -- he shouldn't be violating Lisette's privacy.

But Jim couldn't resist the temptation.

Jim hit the forward arrow again and again, advancing through the next photos in the series.

Again and again, Darik naked. As the photo series progressed, his cock was a little bit firmer.

He was smiling broadly, as if he'd been talking when Lisette snapped the picture.

It was a hell of a smile; he looked very charming. Jim didn't imagine any wife would find it easy to stay true when that smile was pointed her direction...or when that cock was sitting there, well within grabbing distance.

Jim hit the arrow again. And again. And again. Darik appeared to be having a kind of conversation with the camera -- or with the photographer behind it. He was turning his mojo toward the camera, seducing it. Maybe seducing the hot wife behind it.

Jim couldn't resist his need. It was almost as if his hand moved without his awareness. He reached down, unzipped his pants, and took his hard cock out. Jim started to stroke it as he paged forward through the photos.

It was remarkably easy to see what had happened. As the photo shoot progressed, Darik's commanding gaze became progressively more affixed to the camera, his energy growing. He projected power and confidence. His dark eyes seemed to grow, his expression becoming more seductive with every frame.

And the camera was moving closer. That, or Lisette was tightening her zoom lens. But Jim knew his wife. He was quite sure it wasn't the zoom lens.

Everything changed in the photo marked P001139 -- the 1139th digital photo Lisette had shot that day.

This one was shot very close to Darik. His legs were spread, his cock fully deployed. Jim beat off more fervently, letting his eyes rove up and down the image of Darik's huge cock as he imagined his wife getting closer and closer to it, intent on capturing "art photos" or whatever -- or on being seduced. Was there ever really a difference, Jim wondered? He didn't care. It destroyed him emotionally to think about Lisette being possessed by this huge, hard and powerful black man...but it also made his cock so hard he couldn't resist jerking it faster, pushing himself toward a humiliating orgasm.

The next photo featured the handsome man grinning confidently, his arm extended toward the camera.

Jim realized with dismay that Darik had been reaching for the camera... taking it out of Lisette's hands.

In the next photo, everything was cockeyed; Lisette had, apparently, touched the shutter release just as Darik grabbed the big camera.

Jim jerked his cock faster, climbing toward an intense orgasm that he knew would feel deeply degrading -- but he couldn't stop himself from needing it, wanting it, and pushing himself toward it.

On the computer screen, timestamps were featured at the bottom of each image. The underwear shots had begun at 2:00 pm. and continued for fifteen minutes, with six to eight photos a minute. Then, as things obviously became more provocative between the two, the photos got closer together. The only gap was right after Darik took the camera out of Lisette's hands.

Five or so minutes had passed between Darik grabbing the camera and -- apparently -- picking it up again. In that five minutes, apparently, Lisette had lost her shirt and her bra. She'd also dropped to her knees and taken Darik's cock in her mouth.

The next dozen photos featured Jim's wife topless, her full breast hanging free. Her red lips alternately circled Darik's huge shaft, pressed wetly against the underside, and worshipped his balls. Darik shot more photos of Lisette's face covered in spit and ruined makeup, her tongue trailing up and down his shaft or lapping at his nuts. She swallowed him all the way down, even, deep-throating Darik until her lips were tight around the base of his cock.

Lisette certainly had worn a whole lot of makeup for a photo shoot where she was the photographer. Darik's giant cock ruined it quickly, leaving Lisette with black drizzles running down her cheeks from how thoroughly his enormous cock had violated her gag reflex. Darik captured all in exquisite detail, with Lisette's bright eyes turned up toward the camera. Jim followed the time stamps; his wife had given Darik a marathon BJ, taking twenty full minutes to worship his cock. The model had shown a photographer's flair for capturing dramatic images, with colorful details seemingly highlighted. He'd taken a hundred images of Jim's wife sucking his cock. Correction, not just sucking it...*worshipping it*.

Then Darik had kept right on shooting, seemingly balancing the camera with ease, as he spun Lisette around, dragged her onto the couch, and mounted her. At 3:46, he entered her doggy style. Lisette's head, turned to the side, showed the shocked expression of a woman who'd never been stretched so wide. It was common in porn; in the old days, before he'd met his wife, Jim used to always jerk off to those shots. The facial expressions of women so thoroughly penetrated really excited him. But he also tended

to fixate on other details: for instance, the sight of a huge dark cock sliding in and out of a very tight, very pink pussy, which Darik had considerably captured in exquisite detail.

Jim rushed through the next two hundred photos, hitting the arrow key one-handed and jerking his cock. He watched his wife getting fucked from behind over the course of twenty-five minutes -- longer than Jim had ever lasted in his life. At a timestamp of 4:06, Darik fucked her to what simply had to be an orgasm, from the expression of pleasure on her face and the flush that darkened her cheeks and her cleavage on each of the subsequent shots. At 4:11, she came again -- just five minutes after her first. Jim had never seen Lisette cum in five minutes -- certainly not without using a vibrator. This time, there was nothing but Darik's huge cock, entering Lisette in a position she didn't particularly like. She had always hated doggy style; in fact, back when Jim and Lisette used to fuck, she refused to allow him to fuck her that way. She showed no similar hesitation with Darik. That made Jim's cock pulse.

There was no mistaking the deep pink of Lisette's cheeks and tits when Darik turned her over, spread her legs and entered her in the missionary position. No question about it: this was a woman who'd just been given orgasms the likes of which she'd never felt before. Her pretty face was dull with pleasure, her makeup ruined, her hair ruffled. When Darik started to fuck her again, this time face-to-face and in a more "traditional" position, he didn't slack off on taking pictures. This time, he sometimes captured multiple action shots per second, making Jim's eyes widen as he felt awe at how rapidly Darik could pump that thing into Lisette. Darik's shaft glistened with Lisette's juices whenever he withdrew it; every stroke back and thrust in reminded Jim just how deeply Darik was inside Jim's wife. Tears formed in Jim's eyes...but he never stopped jerking.

He stopped before he could cum, though, "edging" himself as Lisette insisted he do whenever he jerked off for her amusement. He did this not once, not twice, not even three times; there were seven close-calls with Jim's balls pulsing and his dickhead leaking a thin trickle of pre-cum. By the time Darik's photos wound down again and the timestamps stretched from several shots a second to one or two a minute, Jim was close again,

forcing himself to stroke his cock with excruciating slowness rather than the urgency he felt. He had to stop again, dragging his right hand, with some difficulty, away from his cock. He put his warm hand, spattered with pre-cum, palm-down on the desk. He breathed deeply, trying to save himself as he arrowed through the photos.

But when Jim saw the last dozen shots, he was suddenly unable to control himself.

These shots were remarkably clear, considering what was happening at the time. Jim realized that Darik had handed the camera off to Lisette again. She captured the handsome man's sweaty face as it twisted in an expression of orgasm. Then Lisette captured a perfectly-framed photo of Darik's hard cock thrust into her pussy -- not all the way, just in past the head, Lisette's tight hole cinched snugly around the very end of the shaft.

When Darik pulled out, his gargantuan dick glistened under the hot lights. Cum dripped off of the tip. The camera got passed off again, and Darik captured Lisette lunging forward to capture a big glob of semen on her outstretched tongue. The next photo showed Jim's wife smiling like the cat who ate the canary. Her pretty face was ruined by sweat and smeared lipstick and eyeliner and mascara; it was red with her obvious orgasmic flush and her blonde hair was a tangled mass scattered around her.

But she was more beautiful than ever.

That isn't what made Jim unable to control himself, however. What drove him completely wild was the close-ups that Darik shot next -- of Lisette's fingers holding her lips apart, showing her entrance with beads of white liquid leaking out. Jim felt a sudden explosion of hunger. As far as he knew, his wife still wasn't on the pill. She'd just let a near stranger ejaculate in her.

Jim hated how impossibly hot that fact made him. But he was as helpless to stop his explosive arousal as he'd been to stop his wife from fucking an underwear model. He'd lost control long ago. Once he'd surrendered his fantasies to Lisette, he'd nudged her onto a path he no longer determined.

When she'd started changing from product photography to underwear, it had been only a matter of time.

And now, as Jim saw, that time had come. He had the photographic evidence in front of him; Lisette hadn't even bothered to hide it. Hell, she'd practically placed it on display for him. She'd all but *begged* him to go through these photos.

There were no more in the series, but these were enough. Jim's left hand bounced wildly up and down on the forward and back-arrow buttons, shifting between a dozen clear shots of Darik Blake's cum leaking, oozing and finally drizzling out of Jim's wife's pussy. When the glistening cream began to drool out with gusto, Darik's hard cock came back into the picture. Yes: it was hard again. Rock-hard, already. The time-stamp said 4:22...just a few minutes after Darik had shot his load in Jim's wife the first time.

And less than an hour ago. What had they done in that time? Was Darik still in there?

The photos didn't tell Jim. The final image was the one of Darik entering Lisette's pussy to enjoy his own sloppy seconds. When his hard cock disappeared into Lisette's cum-filled hole, the photo stream disappeared, too.

It didn't matter. Jim could see everything in his mind. He would see it for the rest of his life. He had seen it in his fantasies; now the reality had imprinted itself on his mind's eye for all eternity.

Jim's hand worked like a piston, jerking his hard little cock violently as he struggled to stop himself before he blew his load. Jim hadn't even realized that he'd started to moan. His eyes had rolled back in his head; he no longer needed to look at the pictures. He no longer watched.

And he no longer listened.

That's how Lisette had managed to tiptoe behind him without being noticed. Jim was so fixated on the images of his wife being fucked that he

didn't notice the genuine article slinking toward him, her bare feet allowing her to go very nearly silently on the hardwood floor of the converted dining room.

Lisette wore only Darik's white undershirt. It was oversized on her. It hung down just past her pussy.

Jim was moments from jizzing when he realized Lisette was behind him. His hand stopped moving; he tried to twist around, but Lisette had already grabbed him from behind. She dragged his hand out of his lap and planted her mouth on his, shoving her tongue in.

Jim tasted sweat; it was musky. He tasted *cock*. He tasted *cum*. He knew the taste from when Lisette was first starting to dominate him; when he fucked her, she used to push his head down between her legs. At the time, he had loved it. It had been, back then, as dominant as his wife got. When she did that, Jim fantasized desperately that his cum leaking out of her was in fact not his cum but belonged* to a man just like Darik. A powerful black man. Younger, handsome. Exceedingly hung. A man who could satisfy Lisette the way that Jim never could.

Now, he tasted that cum on his wife's tongue. He could smell it, too, up close to him, still leaking out of her pussy. The cum-taste was too strong for Jim to believe it had come from the one glistening dollop Lisette had lapped from the tip of Darik's cock while on camera. She'd taken more of it in her mouth; Jim was sure of it.

How many times had this monster shot his load in Jim's wife? Once in her pussy, once in her mouth...were there more loads waiting for Jim, where he'd always fantasized somebody like Darik putting them, only to face the reality and find it even more intoxicating, scary and humiliating than the fantasy?

Jim was going to find out.

When Lisette's cummy tongue withdrew, he realized that her chin was not clean. It glistened with wetness. It wasn't just spit and smeared lipstick.

Thick rivulets of aromatic semen ran down Lisette's chin and onto her neck. From the looks of it, the white T-shirt she wore -- almost certainly Darik's, since it was too big to be one of Jim's -- had taken some of the runoff, as well. It was moist with a musky, fragrant liquid; Jim found this out as his wife spun him around in the office chair and sat cowgirl-style in his lap, shoving her tits in his face while she held his wrists to the arms of the chair.

Jim felt cum running out of her, warm and slimy. It dribbled on his hard cock. It ran down his little shaft and over his balls, gooey. It soaked his panties. A steady stream ran out of Lisette and drizzled over Jim's hard cock.

Lisette's blue eyes flashed as she looked at her husband. Her cum-glazed pink lips twisted into a smile. She leaned forward.

Jim thought she was going to kiss him again; he braced himself for the onslaught of the cummy taste.

But instead, Lisette put her lips to her husband's ear and purred savagely:

"Wanna shoot some pictures?"

She started unbuttoning Jim's dress shirt, exposing the lacy little camisole he wore underneath. Jim didn't resist, even as he felt Darik's cum running out of his wife's puss and greasing up his cock and balls.

He relaxed into the chair, feeling Lisette take control as she pulled off his dress shirt, hiked up his camisole, and started to bite his nipples.

She didn't start gently, like she usually did. She went hot and hard from the get-go, furiously biting one nipple while twisting the other with her thumb-and-forefinger, then switching so that each of Jim's sensitive nips got its fair share of tooth, tongue and twist. Girly squeals erupted from Jim. His eyes rolled back in his head while he squirmed under Lisette's torture.

It wasn't till she took a break and his vision cleared that Jim saw Darik there, standing in the doorway. He was naked, every bit as glorious in

person as he'd been in his photos. He grinned as he watched Lisette torturing Jim. Jim thought he saw a power in Darik's dark eyes -- the kind that spoke not just of confidence, but an underlying sadism. Certainly the man had to be a little bit scary inside, to have fucked Lisette as hard and as rough as the photos showed. He'd given it to her without prejudice or caution, slamming his huge cock into her even though her face had twisted in shock and pain as it first violated her.

Darik's confident look in the last few photos before he seized the camera said a lot about what kind of man he was...and what kind of woman Jim's wife was.

Darik had known better what Lisette needed than she did herself.

He had to be a bit of a bastard to do that, didn't he? To give a woman what she needed, even if it hurt a little?

And wasn't that exactly what Jim had always asked *Lisette* to do to *him*?

When Darik spoke, his voice was as calm and seductive and confident as Jim might have expected from his photos.

"I guess you're Jim," Darik said. "Pleased to meet you. I'm Darik. Your wife says you suck a mean strap-on. She swears it's the same as sucking a real dick. I guess it'll taste a little different for you. In fact, right now, I think I taste like your wife." Darik chuckled.

To Lisette, Darik asked, "It's okay if I pull his pretty hair, isn't it? If I'm going to be his first blowjob, I may as well make it memorable."

Darik smirked at Lisette. She glanced at him over her shoulder, through the curtain of her rumpled blonde hair.

"Not till he's eaten me out, you aren't," Lisette said eagerly. She turned back to Jim and kissed him, a deep thrust of tongue that tasted like cock and cum

She told Jim emphatically: "First you clean me, then you clean him. But something tells me, he's going to get dirty again. If you suck him half as good as you suck *my* dick," she smiled, "you may even get a nice hot mouthful." She whispered into Jim's ear, as if telling a secret: "You know there are already three up here waiting for you, don't you? You've always wanted to eat me out when another man's had me...well, I finally did it. I can't believe I waited this long. Promise you'll lick me good, darling?"

Jim whimpered trembled in reluctance, but Lisette ignored that. She slapped him across the face and pulled his hair.

"Promise!" she hissed. "Promise you'll eat me out good!"

"Promise!" Jim gasped. "I promise, Mistress."

The anger was gone in an instant; instead, Lisette just looked pleasantly dopey from having been fucked so hard. In fact, Jim thought he'd almost never seen his wife so happy.

Lisette reached out and seized the camera, disconnecting it from the computer. She leaned over and handed it to Darik.

She said, "Will you take some pictures?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said Darik, grinning at the euphemism. "With pleasure."

"Hit the hot lights, will you?" asked Lisette. She dragged Jim out of the office chair and pushed him toward the loveseat. "Red button, there by the power strip..."

Darik hit the indicated button. The hot lights went on. Jim felt the burn on the back of his head as his wife shoved him to his knees in front of the loveseat.

She climbed over him, spreading her legs as she sank in to the cushy surface. The cover was already wet, stained with the still fresh juices of the sex Lisette had experienced on this sofa less than an hour ago. Their smell

overwhelmed Jim at first, but then he had bigger things to think about. Like the warm load of slime leaking out of his wife and onto his tongue as Lisette shoved his face down between her legs.

Darik had really pumped her full. Obediently, Jim started licking. The pungent mixture of pussy and cum made him recoil at first -- but Lisette had a good grip on his hair. She held him down, making him eat her.

Jim became more and more compliant as he started to eat his wife out. The flavor of cum seeped over his tongue and down his throat. His stomach churned at the taste.

Lisette moaned in pleasure as Darik snapped photos. Jim felt the bigger man's presence hovering over them. Out of corner of his eye, Jim could see Darik's cock. He was already hard again.

"Oh, yeah, that's it. Getting some great shots here. He really loves it, huh?"

"Oh, he's always wanted it," sighed Lisette happily. "Do a good job, baby," she said, "and I'll make you a star. You'd like to be a star, wouldn't you?"

Jim didn't know about that... but he did as his wife commanded.

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Both Ends by Josie Blackwell

"Josie!" said Jason. "Get your sissy ass over here. Clean me up." He looked at me pointedly. "You know what that means, don't you? *Suck my fuckin' dick.*"

He was still on top of my wife, pinning her to the bed; they'd been fucking with her face-down, ass-up. Before that, they'd been doggy-style. Before that, missionary. Before that, she'd been on top of him, like a cowgirl.

They'd been going at it for hours. Jason had just shot his huge load inside my wife. Julie's pussy was creamy. Jason's dick glistened with her juice and his. There was *lots* of it. Rivulets of semen ran down his half-hard shaft.

"Are you deaf, sissy?" Julie laughed, propping herself on her elbows beneath him. "My boyfriend just told you to suck his dick. Don't you speak English, slave? Do you only speak *sissy*? Here, let me translate. *Suck my boyfriend's dick*, Josie."

I stared at them, wide-eyed. My cock throbbed painfully in my chastity tube. Every time it attempted to stiffen, it encountered the improbable turn of the little tube... and the spikes that jutted into its path. Even a partial erection caused me to writhe in agony. I had a pretty major partial right now. The pain was so intense I could feel it radiating from my cock up through the rest of my naked body.

I was aroused by this. To my shame, I *wanted* it. I'd been the one who begged her to try it.

And here I was, more than a year later... utterly changed. I no longer had to beg. In fact, Julie would not have stopped now if I wanted her to. If I'd asked her, she would have laughed. She'd learned how fun it was to have a little bitch sissy cuckold slave like me... along with all the hard cock she could stand. And boyfriends like Jason, who knew how to dominate a dicksucking pussy like me.

"Josie! Get over here and suck Jason's dick! Or do you want a whipping?"

I said, "N-no, Mistress. I'm sorry, Mistress."

"You'd better tell me you *want* to suck it, Josie, or you're in big trouble. I told you when this started... I decide what you like and what you don't like. And I say you want to suck dick."

My face was hot and red with shame.

I said, "Y-yes, Mistress. Of-- of course I do, Mistress. This slave lives to... I want to serve, Mistress. I want to serve dick. I love--um, um, yes, Mistress. I... *love* dick." I could barely get the words out. I was stalling. I stalled some more by kissing some ass, saying: "Thank you for letting me -- thank you, um, thank you Mistress for letting this slave watch you have -- um, have sex this time, Mistress. It was beautiful. He really fucked you good, didn't he?"

"Shut the fuck up, slave," said Jason. "Quit stalling. You know you want it, faggot. If you don't... you'll *learn* to want it. I'll make damn sure of that. Get your faggot face over here and do what you were born for."

Jason got off my wife. On his knees in the middle of the big king-sized bed, his huge, muscular body looked formidable. So did his dick. Even half-hard, it was several times the size of my little thing. That's why mine was locked away, and his was... in my wife regularly.

And that's why I had to suck it.

Jason snapped his fingers and pointed at his crotch.

He said, "Suck my dick, faggot. *Now*. No more stalling."

I whimpered: "Y-yes, um, yes... yes, *Sir*."

Trembling, I started crawling toward them.

Watching my wife with a "date" was a privilege, I knew. I had to earn it. But it stunned me to be ordered around like that, even by Jason -- my wife's odds-on favorite among her many boyfriends. He'd started taking more privileges of his own, recently, treating me more like his inferior. And with Julie in love with him -- that much was obvious -- I had no choice but to accept it.

I had to do whatever Jason said. There was little question about that.

But as I neared him, the thought of servicing him made my throat close up.

Yes, I'd had dick in my mouth, a few times, and not just Julie's strap-on. *Real dick*. On several occasions. But those had been different. So far, I'd only ever sucked cock when one of Julie's "guests" needed a "fluff." That usually only occurred when Julie brought a guy home from a bar, and he was too drunk to get it up.

With Jason, getting it up had never been an issue. That's why I'd never had Jason's dick in my mouth. Jason was, obviously, 100% *straight*. Why would he want me to suck his dick?

As my mouth neared his cock, I realized that the answer was obvious.

I was no longer male.

Oh, I could pretend, when I dressed up for work. But inside... and outside, when I took my boy-clothes off... I was more a girl than a boy.

If I took Jason's dick in my mouth, it wouldn't make Jason any less straight. It wouldn't even make *me* less straight... or maybe it made me *straighter*. Because Julie had turned me into something less than male, but not quite female. I might not be a woman, exactly... but I was more of a girl than I was anything resembling a *man*.

Julie sometimes teased me about our "lesbian marriage." I guess this was the proof, right? I was a girl, now. Or something so close to it that even a real man, a straight man like Jason, could put his dick in my mouth and not feel the least bit strange about it. In fact, from the grin on his face he was obviously going to like it.

I felt a building wave of terror as I realized that I had reached a turning point. All of those "herbal supplements" Julie had been giving me had...*changed things*. I mean... I already knew I was growing little tits, but they weren't very big, yet. Not even B-cups. As long as I wore a tight little sports halter to work under my dress shirt, instead of the push-up bras Julie made me wear around the house, I still passed as a man... *sort of*. Everyone at work thought I was gay, but God knows why. If they'd only known I had panties and a sports bra on under my suit! The panties were always pink and fringed with lace, and the sports halter had to be pink as well. Julie insisted. Had I really passed that point? Was I no longer just a cuckold sissy forcibly turned into a queer faggot panty-wearing cuckold sissy anymore? At least, in the eyes of a real man like Jason, was I something else?

I already knew the answer. In Jason's eyes -- or the eyes of any real man -
- I was a *girl*.

That's why he was comfortable making me suck his dick. And I guess... to my own surprise... I guess I was comfortable doing it. I mean, not *comfortable* comfortable, but... what choice did I have?

When Julie says "suck dick," I suck dick. Whether it's my wife's strap-on cock, or a real man's organ... when Julie gives orders, this sissy slut obeys.

I got close enough to the bed to smell the ripe scent of their bodies. My stomach roiled in fear, and I instinctively recoiled, trying to think of some excuse as to why I couldn't take Jason's cock in my mouth and "clean" it. But there *was* no excuse. When Julie has guests, they're treated like royalty. She expects me to treat their demands or requests just like *her* requests. A sissy like me *never* says "no."

In any event, I *couldn't* say no. Jason is huge. If he wanted, he could take me. And it was to my shame that I realized that thought made my little dick stiffen again in its chastity tube. I had already crawled close enough to the bed that his long arms could reach me. Well within Jason's reach, I was helpless to resist him... and so Jason took the initiative.

Jason reached out with his huge, powerful hand -- the same hand that had spanked my wife, pulled her hair, and jacked off his cock when he pumped my wife full of his cum.

Jason slid his fingers into my long, blonde hair. He got a good grip, pulled my hair real hard, and shoved my face in his crotch.

Quickly, I found my face pinned between Julie's ass and Jason's crotch. Julie's legs were spread wide enough around Jason's muscular body that I could smell the ripe tang of her pussy. The scent also covered Jason's half-hard cock, mingled up with the aroma of his fresh cum.

An instant later, I could taste it. Jason's thumb pried my red-painted lips apart.

He shoved his dick in my mouth.

Obediently, I began sucking.

The sharp, musky taste of Jason's cum was overwhelming, as was the flavor of Julie's pussy. My wife can get pretty wet when she's really turned on, and Jason had obviously done more than just turn her on. He had fucked her bareback to multiple screaming orgasms. Juices had run down his shaft and all over his balls. My wife's sexual juices glistened on Jason's lower belly and thighs. Jason's muscular form also glistened with sweat; he dripped on me as I obediently started to suck his semi-erect penis.

"Get it nice and clean, bitch," Jason ordered, pulling my hair.

"Me next," I heard my wife purr, her voice pregnant with sex.

It's always excited Julie to see boys sucking boys. She's not homophobic like most people. She likes to watch gay porn; she's even made me watch it with her. Back when she used to let me jack off, she made me jack off to fag porn with some regularity. That's why, when one of her late-night singles-bar pickups was so drunk he passed out and/or couldn't get it up, she always called me in to "fluff."

But this was different. Jason sure as hell didn't need me to "fluff." He'd just fucked the hell out of my wife. He was making me suck his dick because he loved the power. Oh, he could say he was making me serve as the "cleanup crew," but that's not the truth. What he really liked was to see me down there, bent over the edge of the bed, with his dick in my mouth and my feminized face bobbing up and down on his half-hard shaft, leaving lipstick traces.

Jason grinded his hips, pumping them to match the strokes of my mouth. He pulled my hair so he could hold my face in a subservient position. Like I was his fuckhole.

No, I guess, not *like* I was his fuckhole. I was his fuckhole. Am. I am anyone's fuckhole, when it pleases my Mistress.

When he started to tighten his hand in my long blonde hair, I knew that he was going to get rough. I'd seen him do this with Julie a lot of times. Julie loved it. I loved to see it. It was hot as hell. It was scary. It was arousing. It was edgy. It was intensely humiliating. And I wanted it... even while fearing it.

My wife's boyfriend was going to fuck my face.

Jason put one hand on my throat, tightening it just enough to maintain complete control over me while he gripped my hair tightly. He held me in place while he started to pump his muscular hips.

His dick started stiffening in my mouth.

How the hell was that even possible? He'd *just* blown his load in my wife! When *I* came -- back when that was allowed -- it would take me, like, half a day to be able to get hard again! But Jason was already getting there quickly, just from a little "fluff" by his girlfriend's cocksucking sissy faggot husband!

And I knew that hadn't been his first load today. I had heard listened to them fucking all day. They'd been in bed four solid hours, while I did my chores. Many times, the rhythms of the creaking bed and Jason's understated groans had told me that he'd blown his load. *In* Julie or *on* Julie? I didn't know. How many times? I didn't know that, either... but it had been *several*, to put it mildly.

He was still going. He could still get hard. No wonder Julie was fucking him instead of me! No wonder she wanted *Jason* to impregnate her! No wonder she'd chosen him to be the father of her children... while I was left with nothing but the occasional handjob, or permission to squirt on her feet as long as I licked it off. Even *those* privileges were rare to say the least!

My face reddened to feel how easily Jason attained another erection.

As Jason reached full hardness, his thrusts started to drive the tip into the back of my throat, and I started to gag and choke with each powerful stroke he delivered as he fucked my face.

I tried to pull back, but Jason wasn't having it.

He held me tight by the hair and the throat, and choked me with his cock again and again, activating my gag reflex. It made my stomach churn and my head pound. My eyes began to run. I could feel thick mascara tears leaking out and drizzling down my cheeks. I felt more humiliated than ever.

Desperately afraid of displeasing him, I let him take total control, but I still worked my tongue over the underside of his hardening prick, trying to pleasure him.

"Damn, baby, you're really doing a good job of sucking that dick. He sure is rough, isn't he? I think you *like* it. Don't you, bitch? Don't you like getting chokefucked?"

If I'd been allowed, I would have answered "Yes, Mistress," despite the fact that I *didn't* like it, exactly. Yeah, okay, I think it's pretty hot when a guy fucks a girl's face real hard till she chokes in a porn movie, and I guess I'd learned to associate dick in my mouth more with that than with, you know, the gagging and stretching pain at the back of my throat. But the struggle to breathe was intense and overwhelming. I fought to accept Zach into my throat, and... well, let's just say it wasn't easy.

Julie didn't need an answer. She'd decided I liked getting chokefucked, and that was good enough for her. I was her cuckold, her sissy, her slave, her *property*. She decided what I liked and what I did not like.

And *she* liked seeing me chokefucked. That's why she let Jason do it. She knew he had the aggression, the strength, and the size to facefuck me properly. That's why she loved him so much, right?

Julie beamed proudly to see me finally getting used by her favorite boyfriend.

My wife even rolled over onto her back to watch my oral humiliation.

Julie spread her legs wide and watched as if Jason and I were performing for her. Her hand slid between her legs. My wife started touching herself, rubbing her fingertips up and down in her cummy slit and then pressing them hard and firm to her clit. She started masturbating as she watched Jason fuck my face.

Every time he gagged me or choked me on his cock, or tightened his hand in my hair or on my throat, or slapped my face, Julie gave a little shiver of pleasure. Each time, the circles her fingers would make on her clit would quicken, her masturbation taking on increasing urgency as she got off to my humiliation.

Jason was fully hard, now, his huge dick deployed to its full ten or eleven inches. This had gone well past a "fluff," and certainly past a "cleaning."

No question at all...I was giving Jason my first *real* blowjob.

I might have been more reluctant to continue if the big monster had given me a choice. But with one hand tangled up in my long hair and his other still firmly holding my throat, Jason was in complete control of me. I was his fucktoy, at least for now. My face was nothing but a tight, wet hole for his cock.

Jason kept thrusting his dick in my mouth. I tried to relax and take it. Julie had fucked me with her strap-on cock often enough that I knew I could deep-throat; it just wasn't easy when he was being this rough.

Nonetheless, I managed to get into the rhythm of Jason's aggressive facial abuse. I managed to relax my throat and let my face become a fuckhole for him.

I just kind of went into a dicksucking trance and opened wide and swallowed his huge cock, choking and gagging as Jason picked up the pace. Each spasm that tightened my throat resulted in more relaxation once it had passed.

Before long, I had relaxed my throat just enough to let Jason's dick thrusts pump all the way down my throat. He buried himself to the hilt in my mouth. His balls rested on my chin. Pretty soon, he was fucking his dick down my throat and holding it there, cutting off my air, choking me. I held my breath and let the tears flow. They were black, heavy. I felt them clotted on my rouged cheeks.

I didn't gag anymore.

Jason's dick was bigger than any of the guys Julie had brought home and made me fluff. But it wasn't much bigger than some of Julie's larger strap-ons. So I guess once I got used to it... it was okay.

I didn't need to breathe anyway, right?

At one point, Jason had his dick down my throat, choking me off completely so that my head pounded.

He and Julie started discussing my deep-throat training. Humiliation raged through me, even worse than the feeling of desperately needing air.

"Damn," growled Jason. "This little bitch of yours sure as hell knows how to suck a cock. How'd she learn it this good?"

Julie laughed. "I taught her myself. She gags real good, doesn't she?" Then, to me, mockingly, Julie said: "You look so pretty when you choke, baby!"

"You taught this face-cunt yourself?" asked Jason. "How's that work?"

Julie laughed happily.

"Strap-on dick goes a long way toward ending an argument," she said, getting up from the bed. "Here, I'll show you."

While Jason held my head down on his cock and made me stay open wide for every deep thrust, Julie went to the toy drawer.

I knew what was coming next.

How could there be any question about it?

I was going to get a good, hard, deep fucking from Julie's strap-on, while Jason continued to use me. I had graduated from cocksucking sissy cuckold fluffer slut. I was about to be made a sex slave *bitch* to both of them.

The dresser Julie went to had once held my "boy-clothes." There had been underwear in the top drawer, shirts in the second, et cetera.

Now, I had no boy-underwear. No jockey shorts, no boxers, not even any nuthuggers. They weren't allowed.

My undies were now in the second and third drawer of my dresser. Those drawers were all about panties... I had something like a hundred pairs. The rest of my lingerie is in the fourth and fifth drawers. There, I keep garter belts, stockings, nighties, merry widows, push-up bras, camisoles.

But the top drawer is where my wife keeps her *cocks*. She's got a lot of them. They all have one thing in common. They're *huge*. She's got a whole other drawer for the ones she prefers to use on herself. They're all smaller. Some of them five or six or inches, some of them seven or eight. But the top drawer of *my* lingerie dresser, Julie keeps exclusively for the dicks she fucks *me* with.

And those are all *massive*.

Julie took out her favorite harness, stepped into it, pulled it up her long, smooth legs. She buckled it on, then reached in the drawer for the cock she'd decided to use on me today.

"I just got this new one," she said. "It's pretty big. I don't know if our little bitch here can take it. I haven't tried it yet... on either end of her." Julie laughed happily. "It's even bigger than you, Jason. Now that I think about it, I doubt the tight little bitch will be able to handle it."

"Oh, she'll take it," growled Jason.

He pinched my nose as he held me down on his cock, fucking my face so that drool ran out everywhere. There was a growing wet spot under my face, the sheets glistening with thick spittle.

"Suck that dick, bitch," he growled. He slapped my face repeatedly. He thrust his cock all the way in again.

My head throbbed as he cut off my air. I tried to relax. I tried to become a loose, open hole for my Master to fuck. *My Master?* Why and I thought

about Jason like that?

I hadn't planned it... the thought had just popped into my head. What made me think of Jason as my Master -- rather than just another boyfriend my wife liked to fuck?

I didn't know... but it made my dick stiffen in its prison. The spikes dug in sharply. I had the thought over and over again as I tried to relax my throat even more. *Master. My Master. Jason's my Master. My Master. My Master. My Master, Jason.*

The pain in my dick grew acute.

I tried to whimper from the building agony in my cockhead and shaft, but I couldn't make a sound. My throat was stretched too tightly around Jason's huge dick. All I could do was choke, grunt, and drool.

Jason pulled his dick free of my mouth, letting me breathe for a minute. Gratefully, I heard myself saying, "Thank you, Master. Thank you for -- thank you."

I didn't know what I was thanking him for... I just wanted to show my obeisance, in hopes that he would use me more gently.

He didn't. In response to my tanks, Jason pulled my hair tight and slapped me across the face with his huge dick. It was a dull thud, rather than the sharp smack of his hand. His dick left a humiliating smear of thick saliva across my face. It mingled with the black tears running from my made-up eyes.

Jason glanced over at Julie, who was fitting a fucking *enormous* cock into her harness.

He said: "Damn, baby! That is one big fuckin' dick! You train your bitch with that?"

Julie laughed. "No, silly, weren't you listening? I just told you, I've never used one this big. It's new. I wonder if I'll choke her out?"

"Don't you dare, baby," Jason said with some affection. "A passed-out cocksucker isn't nearly as fun to facefuck, and you know it."

Julie laughed.

"I guess you're right," she said.

Julie leaned up against Jason's big, muscular body. She kissed him deeply. Their tongues intertwined.

As they made out above me, I panted, trying to get my bearings after the long, aggressive chokefucking Jason had just given me.

I felt the enormous weight and bulk of my wife's new cock rubbing up against my shoulder.

A shiver of fear went through my body. In hopes of abasing myself before them, I lunged forward and started to suck Jason's dick again... this time, with urgency, hunger, and deep submission.

Jason's hips started thrusting again. Julie's hand joined his in my hair. They both pulled till it hurt.

They took over control of my face again, not letting me suck his dick... but just making my face a hole for them. Julie helped Jason pump my face up and down, choking me on his cock again while they both pulled my hair.

The two of them kissed wetly and audibly... *disgusting*. And yet my dick still pulsed against the sharp spikes of its cage.

Julie reached down, grabbed my wrist and lifted my hand up to the shaft of her strap-on dildo.

She wrapped my fingers around her cock and held them there tightly, making me "jack her off."

I could feel the veined, rippled surface of the giant cock. More importantly, I could feel how huge it was. I could feel not only its great length and impressive girth... but its *weight*. This thing was huge, hard and *heavy*.

I would have panicked, maybe, if I had time. I might have begged for mercy. I might have said, "Mistress, please, your cock's too big for me."

But I couldn't Jason hadn't had my throat filled with his cock again... and Julie was helping him.

Jason and Julie pulled my hair hard as he thrust his cock all the way into my throat again, forcing it down until my red-painted lips were wrapped tightly around the base.

I tried to please him like a good little sissy. I stuck my tongue out as best I could, worshipping his balls the way Julie had taught me... albeit on much smaller dildos.

Jason pulled my hair harder and once again pinched off my nose.

My eyes rolled back in my head as I struggled to stay down on him without air. It was a lot of effort.

When he finally let me up to breathe, he popped his cock free from my sucking mouth and shocked me with a harder dickslap than ever. He gave my face a humiliating smack with his cock. It was so hard that it stunned me. I felt a little dizzy for a few moments.

That's when Jason turned me over to Julie.

Julie's dick was so big I could barely get it in my mouth at first. Julie laughed at the gagging sounds I made when she shoved her cock in and choked me on it. She pulled out and slapped me across the faced, just as

Jason had done only harder. Her cock was also bigger than his. Jason watched as Julie choked me on her cock, pulling my hair and holding my nose until I finally managed to open up and start swallowing it. I took inch after inch, with aggressive strokes. Jason reached down my back, his powerful hands squeezing my smooth, shaved butt.

He spread my cheeks, exposing my tight little butthole.

He spat on his fingers and shoved them inside me.

I'd been well-trained by Julie's cocks, but they'd all been much smaller than either Jason's cock or Julie's new dildo. And at six-six, Jason is *huge* -- not just well-hung, but huge all over.

Despite having had my butt fucked regularly for more than a year as Julie's cuckold, I wasn't prepared for the thickness of Jason's two fingers. His hard thrust stretched me painfully.

As he fingered my asshole, he whistled, impressed.

"That's a pretty tight ass. You can get that thing in there?"

"No," said Julie with mild annoyance. "Weren't you listening? I keep telling you... I just got this dick. I've never shoved it in her before. I've never rammed her in either hole with this particular one." She laughed. "But that's a good question! I wonder if she can take a dick this big? Let's find out!"

I trembled in fear.

"Sounds good to me," said Jason. "You know I love to see bitches take dicks up the ass. Especially big dicks."

"Of course you do, darling."

Julie pulled her dick out of my mouth. It came free with a "pop!"

She and Jason pinned me between them and then pushed me onto all fours on the bed.

I whimpered, "Mistress, I don't think I can--"

"Shut her up, will you?" Julie purred happily.

"With pleasure," Jason said.

He grabbed my hair again and shoved my face in his crotch. I moaned crazily, feeling disoriented and dizzy. A few hard slaps of his dick on my face brought me around again. I opened and took his dick in my mouth. I started to suck.

I tried to worship it properly this time, the way Julie had taught me to do with her strap-on. I bobbed up and down on his shaft, letting my tongue work its way along the underside, only deep-throating after every ten or twelve strokes and licking my way down to worship his balls. Jason seemed reasonably pleased by this. He let me continue to worship his cock, rather than making me get throatfucked again.

But in reality, I think it wasn't that I was pleasing Jason. It's that he was watching what Julie was doing... to my ass.

As Julie smacked her huge, heavy dick on my pert little shaved buttocks, Jason whistled in awe at its size.

"Damn! You sure that monster won't split her in two?"

"Oh, it might," Julie teased. "But if it does, well...that'll be good for a laugh, sissy, won't it?"

I was worshipping Jason's balls at the time, so I could respond. I moaned, "Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress. I'll try to take it, Mistress."

She gave a wicked laugh.

"You won't just try, slave. You're going to take this big dick up your ass -- I promise you that."

I said, "Yes, Mistress," lavishing affection on Jason's huge cock.

While I went on polishing Jason's knob, Julie gloved up and poured out a healthy drizzle of lube. I felt the cool, gloppy gel hitting my crack. Julie's gloved fingers stretched me open as she worked the lube up inside me. She went further and faster, three fingers, then four, pouring out more lube while I sucked Jason's cock. I felt my little cock pulsing against the interior of my chastity tube, but the pain in my denied dick was the last of my worries.

"I try to milk her every week," said Julie. "But these balls get so fucking huge. They must be *full*."

"They are, Mistress," I whimpered, licking Jason's *glans* eagerly.

I felt the giant head of my wife's strap-on cock stretching my hole.

I came off Jason's cock and squealed in pain as she opened me up with a hard thrust.

But then Jason grabbed my hair and shoved his dick in my mouth again.

He held me down, but didn't violate my throat this time. I started to suck obediently, focusing myself as much as I could on pleasing Jason, in an attempt to distract myself from how deep and hard Julie was stretching my poor, tight ass. Even while Julie stretched my rear hole painfully open, I lost myself in my task, worshiping Jason's shaft, head and balls as I felt my asshole slowly opening up.

Julie gave it to me hard from behind, in escalating strokes.

She was breathless, dripping sweat on me before she purred: "Oh, I think this is just the right size!" She stroked her dick into me, ramming it up deep inside me.

Jason's cock swelled at the tip; I could feel the first drizzle of pre-cum leaking out of it, onto my tongue. He was going to cum soon... I knew it. I sucked all the more eagerly knowing he was about to fill my mouth with his cream.

"Oh, fuck yeah," grunted Jason. "Your little bitch is about to get a nice hot load--uh! Yeah! Take it, bitch!"

I did. The first stream of jizz erupted from Jason's cock and spewed down my throat. The taste overwhelmed me, but I gobbled it down... at least, as much as I could. But Jason's a stunningly virile man, and he had a truly full load for me. Some of it spilled out and ran down my chin. I chased rivulets of his cream down his shaft and his balls, licking them up as I worshipped him.

Behind me, Julie fucked me faster, ramming her dick into my ass with increasing passion. She pounded me deep and hard as she mounted toward her explosive pleasure. I heard a distant buzzing and realized she'd slipped a vibrator into the harness; this particular harness, her favorite, allowed her to put a little egg-shaped vibe in an interior pocket behind the base of whatever cock she's wearing, so that the vibe sits right on her clit and presses against her as she thrusts.

It was going to push her over the edge, into orgasm. I could tell that much already.

Julie slamfucked my ass hard and deep, rabbiting into me. She moaned louder, her cries of pleasure rising in volume and pitch until I was sure she was going to cum.

Both her hands rose and fell; I felt sharp stings on both my ass-cheeks as Julie spanked me. As her orgasmic cries peaked, she spanked me harder than ever. The pain was intense -- though nowhere near as intense as the pain deep in my hole as she rammed her dick in.

It was just as Julie peaked that my eyes rolled back in my head. Deep inside me, I felt a series of spasms; pleasure rippled through me. My face

was in Jason's balls, worshipping them, as I came. I tried to suppress my groans of pleasure... orgasming without permission was one of the naughtiest things I could do.

But I couldn't help myself. My orgasm pulsed through me, pleasure suffusing my sissified body. I felt a thin drizzle of jizz leaking out of my chastity tube and onto the bed while I moaned.

Moaned? No, more like *shrieked*. After so many months of denial, I screamed like a *girl* when I came.

I came *hard*.

I'd never even gotten a boner. Julie had "milked" me to an explosive climax. I kept moaning, shivering all over as the aftereffects of my orgasm sent palpitations through my insides.

Julie was laughing.

"Look at that!" she said. "I guess I've made her a girl after all! She cums when she gets fucked." Julie reached down and flicked her fingernails against my hard chastity tube. "The bitch didn't even need to get hard?"

Jason laughed, too. "Sounds like it was a good one," he said. "Sounds like she liked it."

"Jason, dear, don't be stupid. *All* girls like orgasms."

"Not all like taking dicks up their asses," he said.

Julie pulled her cock out of me. I moaned as her giant cockhead came free.

"This one does," she said.

They let me collapse. I curled up on the bed. I saw my wife reaching for her boyfriend's spit-covered cock, once again half-hard after his explosive

orgasm.

While Julie caressed Jason's half-hard cock with her left hand, she reached out and squeezed my lube-covered butt-cheeks with her right hand.

She looked down at me and smiled wickedly.

"Wanna get hard again?" Julie asked Jason. "Since I broke her in for you..."

I groaned. Jason grinned. Julie winked at me.

She held Jason's half-hard dick upright for me. She gave me a pointed look.

I knew what she wanted.

"You're going to suck his dick, aren't you, sissy? Just like you did a few minutes ago... only *better*. Because this time, you're getting Jason hard so he can bend you over." My wife's face was flushed with excitement. "You're going to get my lover hard so he can fuck your tight ass. And you want it, faggot, don't you? You want his dick in your ass. You want my lover to take your virginity. You want a real dick in your boy-pussy, don't you? Don't you want my boyfriend to pop your cherry?"

I knew what she expected me to say. Julie decided what I wanted and didn't want. I wanted this. Because *she* wanted this.

So I whimpered and nodded.

I said, "Yes, Mistress. I want his dick in my ass."

I got on my hands and knees again.

I gulped, my throat aching. I bent down toward his cock.

With my face in his crotch, I looked up at Jason, my eyes still blurry with mascara tears.

I said, "Will you, Sir? Will you pop my cherry?"

Jason chuckled.

"Suck my dick, Josie. Then we'll talk about it."

My wife started kissing him. I heard slurping sounds as they kissed passionately, their hands all over each other, their tongues intertwining wetly.

This time, they didn't need to pull my hair.

While they kissed, I did what I'd been born to do.

I sucked Jason's dick.

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Downtown Date by Tiffany Gilmour

I want to tell me why I'm going to punish you tonight, baby. Oh, you don't know? That's so typical! Well, then, tell me why you think I *might* punish you, baby. Don't disappoint me. What have you done wrong, lately? Why would I punish you? No, baby. it's not for being such a sissy. That's such a predictable guess. No, it's not even for having such a small cock, baby. You can't help that.

And no, it's not for cumming inside me last night, when I let you fuck me. You couldn't help that, either, baby.

I mean, after your little worm spent three months locked up in your chastity cage, why would I let you put it inside me? I don't know what the hell I was thinking, baby.

I know I made it worse for you because I've been doing those exercises, to make my pussy real tight so maybe someday I can actually feel your little thing even though it's so small. I guess maybe I did too many of those dirty exercises over the last three months. Last night, I felt tight as a virgin, didn't I?

Yeah, I know I did, baby. I was *so* tight even *your* little cock could barely get in there. And once you were in, you couldn't last. Why did that surprise me? You never really *could* last, hon, could you? Don't you remember how quick you would cum back when I let you fuck me? Or *can't* you remember, because it's been so long since I let you fuck me?

You can't even remember the old days when I used to spread my legs for you, baby? Just like I figured. You're getting stupider, I guess, just like all of those online articles say. They say when you sissify and chastity-lock your husband, she gets stupider. All that cum fills up in her balls and then backs up her spinal cord, drowning her brain a little.

That's what's happened to you, baby. That's why you can't even remember just two years ago, before I chastity-locked you, before I started to sissify

you. You can't remember when we used to fuck every night. You probably can't remember anything at all from before that little padlock went *click*! Can you, baby?

And since I'm pretty sure you'll ask, baby... no, when you put your cock in me this time, I know I felt real, real tight, but I still couldn't feel your thing. You're still so small that even with how hard it was to get inside me, it still didn't feel good to be fucked by your tiny little babycock. Yes, honey, that's right, when I said, "It's good," I was just trying to humor you. I faked my pleasure when you were inside me. I know it made it lots harder for you to keep from cumming, with me going nuts like I was. But it was all an act.

No, no, no, not the *orgasm*, baby. That part was real... don't you know *anything* about a woman's body? The orgasm *had* to be real, with how my muscles went crazy, just spasm after spasm ripping through my cunt. No, baby, I didn't fake my orgasm... that one was real.

But it was the *vibrator* that got me off, honey, not you. I couldn't even feel you.

But I could hear what you said, baby. Right after I came, when you realized you were going to cum... and you didn't want to, because you know that I'm not on the pill.

Oh, I see. You're starting to remember. You remember what you said, don't you? You know why I'm angry, don't you? You know why I'm going to punish you? Are you starting to figure out *how* I'm going to punish you?

Well, in case all that cum has really backed up into your head and drowned your brain, baby, here: I'll refresh your memory.

You said something so dirty, I need to hurt you -- emotionally -- for it. You asked me for something. You begged me. It's so typical of a weak little man like you. You could feel yourself getting ready to cum in my puss, but you're such a wuss that you don't want the "responsibility" of getting me pregnant. So that's why you asked, I guess. You were all: "Sob, Mistress, please, Mistress, please, I can't hold back, but you said not to cum in you,

please, Mistress, sob, sob, can I pull out, Mistress? Can I pull out and -- could I, oh, oh, Mistress, sob, sob, sob, please, Mistress, please, can I put it in -- oh, can I put my tiny little bitch dick up in your ass, Mistress?"

Oh, that's rich. You remember now. And you know why I'm mad.

Anal sex, baby? That's so dirty. I know that I fuck *you* in the ass, baby, but that's different. Men are built, anatomically, to withstand that. I mean, well, no, that's not quite right. No, not *men*, really. Boys like you. *Girls* like you, really. *Sissies*. You're built that way, baby, girls like you. You don't have pussies, so once you start turning into faggy little mincing cock-hungry sluts like you're becoming, your ass opens up and you *want* it, baby. I *have* to fuck your ass nightly. If I didn't, you'd become even *more* perverted.

But *real girls*? We're just not built like that.

Oh, I know what you're thinking. Those girls in the perverted porn videos of yours do it all the time. When I watch them and make you go down on me, I see how wide their tight assholes spread. I mean, that's how I know I can do it if I want to, baby. And, oh, I'll admit that is so fucking sexy. I love to watch them while I make you eat me out, or even while I rub my ass on your chastity tube. I don't know if you remember, baby, from back before I started blindfolding you when I watch porn and get off... it has been a *really* long time, hasn't it. But those girls do look sexy spreading their tight little assholes for cock. I can see why you wanted it from me, baby... I just think you're one sick, disgusting pervert for actually *asking* for it. Every man wants that from his wife. Every man wants that from *every* woman. You're all little piggies, baby. But *real men* get to ask for it. Sometimes they even get it. I mean men with big cocks, like the men in those perverted movies of yours that I watch while you get me off with your mouth or my vibrator. They get it, baby. From girls like the ones in those videos.

But you? You're a tiny-dicked sissy. You shouldn't ask for things like that, baby. And when you do, well... I need to punish you for it.

And I want the punishment to fit the crime, baby.

That's why I've got a very special night planned. I've got something even better for tonight than refusing you access to my cunt. I've got a better way to punish you... maybe the *best* way. I don't know why it hasn't occurred to me before.

I know you've always wanted me to cuckold you. And we both know I haven't. Well, let me correct that... *I* know I haven't. I guess you don't know for sure I haven't cheated on you, baby. I see that look in your eyes, baby... I see by your eyes you *really* don't know for sure. Do you think I have? That's pretty funny, baby. Let's say I haven't let's go with that... for now.

I mean, of *course* I haven't cuckolded you yet, baby, even though you want it. Why would I? Men are pigs. The *last* thing I want is for some other man -- even a *real* man -- to leave his stink all over our house. I can perfume you, but if I brought a real guy home, well... things would get messy fast. And you know what I mean, baby. *Messy*, because your little whore mouth would *never* be able to lap up all of the cum a real man would pour into me. You saw how much you missed last night, after you lost it inside me. You were afraid of knocking me up, baby... can you *imagine* how fast a real man would knock me up if I let him fuck my cunt bareback? And don't even *think* what you're thinking. A *condom*, baby? What kind of intimacy is that? They don't make condoms small enough for your dick, and believe me, the kind of guy I want to fuck, well, they don't make condoms *big* enough for *him*. That's why, if I'm going to cuckold you, I have to go bareback.

Oh, yes, I see that fire in your eyes, pervert. You like me talking about taking some strange man's big dick inside me with no condom on. You *love* it. That's how this all started, remember? Two years ago, you asked if I'd ever be "open" to letting you watch me have sex with another man. I said "maybe," and then we went off on this thing about me teasing you and denying you and locking your little worm up and sissifying the shit out of you, pervert. So you still haven't gotten what you really want. You still haven't seen me get fucked by another man. You haven't seen me take a real man's dick bareback.

Well, that's going to change, baby.

No, honey, don't even think it. I know what you're thinking, pervert, and *no*. I'm not going to let some stranger impregnate me. I'm still shocked that I was dumb enough to let *you* put your dick in me; I should have known you'd squirt. I'll be crossing my fingers for another two weeks, honey... the *last* thing I need is to compound that by finding some big-dicked stranger to add a real-man load to your weak sissy dribble. I'm *definitely* not letting any sissy put her tiny dick in my cunt again anytime soon.... you keep that in mind, baby, when you're begging for a little "relief." No pussy, baby. *Never again*.

And as for a *real man*? Well, you know how potent they are, baby. They're not like you. They don't squirt weak, watery piss-jizz like you do, hon. They really blast it in there. If I brought a real man home, with how tight my cunt is, now? He'd blow his load right up inside me.

I'm going to choose the "alternative," baby. I'm going to give someone else what you begged for.

So here's what I want you to do, baby. In a moment, I'm going to unlock your balls from the chain and then I'll take the dick-gag out of your mouth. I know it tastes bad, baby... I had to get myself ready for how I will punish you, that's why it tastes like my ass... get used to it. As I was saying, when I'm finished giving you your instructions, I want you to go upstairs and get yourself ready. I want you to shower and shave your legs, make sure you shave those pretty cheeks of yours, too. Yes, I mean *those* cheeks, too. Both sets.

And while you're in there, baby, clean yourself out. I mean *thoroughly*. You might notice the nozzle is dirty... that's because I just used it. I've cleaned myself out, too, baby. You'll know why in a minute. So make sure you clean up that dirty enema nozzle before you stick it up in yourself... your tongue should work fine. I'll tell you what, baby, I'll come shower with you to make sure you do it the right way. I don't want you to take a chance using a dirty enema nozzle in your butt. You might catch something from me... like dignity.

Once your butt's good and cleaned out, baby, I want you to put on some black stockings with seams down the back, and one of your garter belts, black... take your pick, you've got five or six of them... and... let's see, the *red dress*, babe. That's right. The one I said I'd never make you wear out in public. You're wearing it tonight, honey... deal with it. That's right, baby, you're going out *dressed*. And if I hear one word of complaint... but I won't, will I? No, of course, baby... you know better.

I want your makeup on thick, because mine is. But you can already see that, can't you? And these boots that I'm wearing? Here, baby... get a closer look. That's it, rub your face against them. They've got four-inch heels, baby, so I want you to wear those black shoes you've got with six inches. Just like the minimum size I'd like your cock to be, baby -- sorry, I couldn't resist.

I know what you're thinking. You're taller than me... with those heels on, you'll be a *lot* taller. Well, I don't care if you tower over me, baby. I don't care if your height makes it obvious to everyone what you are. You'll be in that slutty red dress, baby, everyone will already know what you are. It's a good thing I put you back into that chastity tube, or you'd probably bulge through the front of the dress, honey, wouldn't you?

Of course you would. Especially once I tell you what we're doing. We're going downtown. I've been reading up on how to cock-train a sissy, and I think it's time we gave up all this strap-on stuff. Don't give me that look, honey! I know you love it, even if you say you don't, and you cry all convincingly, begging me, please, Mistress, don't, Mistress, my hole's too tight, Mistress! No, Mistress! Please, Mistress! I love that you say that, baby... you know it gets me all wet. The more you protest, the more I like it. How do you know me so well, baby?

Don't worry, baby. I've got something to replace all our strap-on games. We're going downtown, to Olympia Books. Oh, you've heard of it, baby? Don't you *dare* shake your head! I saw that look in your eye! You've heard of it. I *know* you've heard of it. You've even been there! Stop shaking your head, you can't lie to me, slave! Oh, you've been there, all right. Maybe

you've even sucked cock there! It's okay, babe, I thought you probably lied to me when you said you'd never been with a guy. I mean, a sissy like you? As if.

Well, on the tiny chance that you haven't, baby, you will by the end of the night. By the time you get all dressed up and cleaned out, get your makeup on, we get downtown and get parked and buy tokens and lube at the counter... yes *lube*, slave, and plenty of it, or don't you know *anything* about fucking a girl in the ass? With all the dick I've made you take up yours, you'd think you'd know what a woman needs... but then, you don't, do you?

I can tell what you're thinking baby. No, pervert, it isn't what you think. Not everything is about you, honey. You think because I'm having you clean out and because I'm talking about what a fag you are, and because I'm talking about stopping all of this strap-on stuff, I'm going to make you take dick in the ass.

But I won't baby. And do you know why?

I see that look in your eyes, baby. You know. You know, don't you? I'd make you say it if you didn't already have a big dick in your mouth that tastes just like my ass. I was getting myself ready, baby. It's time. And no, your little dick isn't going to go in there. Why bother? If I'm going to give up my back door like one of those pervert porn girls in that stuff we watch... I'm going to do it right. One of the real men at Olympia Books should do nicely.

You know the neighborhood, right? It's mostly black. Yes, I'm counting on it, baby. I'm going to make you suck whatever dick comes through that hole first... but I know that you'll like it best if it's a big one, a black one... and if I make you suck it first to get it good and hard for me. But this time it's not going in my pussy, baby.

That's right. That gross thing you asked for. That perversion. I'm going to give it to someone, dear... I don't know who. And I *never* will, baby... and neither will you. You won't know whose black dick you got hard for my ass,

or which big black guy's cock took your wife's anal cherry. The cherry you *begged* for, baby. That's what you get when you beg for perversion. You want me to try an "experiment," baby. I'll do it. I'll let a man fuck my ass. I won't like it, but I'm going to do it, baby, to teach you a lesson about respecting women. You've got to respect me. When I spread my legs for you, spread my legs... spread my lips... when I let you fuck my pussy, baby.... yes, baby, *this* pussy, this one, right here in your face.... that is *sacred*, baby. Asking "Can I fuck your ass?" is like saying "Your pussy's not good enough, Mistress." How is *this* not good enough, baby? Smell how good it is. I know you love how it tastes... so why would you tell me it's not good enough?

No, baby... no, no, don't answer... you *can't* answer, with that big dick in your mouth. Just take a look, baby. Here, I'll show you. I'll turn around... here, I'm going to bend over... let me open my cheeks.... and show you *this*, hon.

Remember this? Remember begging for this? Remember last night how you begged for my asshole? Remember how bad you wanted my tight virgin butthole, hon?

I know you do. Don't play dumb. I know you *still* want it. That's why you can't have it, pervert. I'm going to give it away.

Here, smell it first, baby. Get your face in my crack. Get a good whiff. This is what you wanted, pervert. This is the hole that you begged for last night, while you tried not to cum in my cunt.

You wanted my ass, and you can't have it. You wanted my anal virginity, but it's not yours to ask for.

That's why tonight I'm going to give it to another man. To a stranger.

That's right -- let me rub my ass all over your face, baby. Take a good look, sissy, get a good sniff, because this is the last time you'll see my virgin asshole. In a few hours, I won't be a virgin back there anymore.

And I bet it's going to hurt, baby. I can't say I know for sure, but from what I read online, the kind of guys who go to Olympia Books have some *really* big cocks, baby. I'll be a wreck by the time I get home. You'll need to soothe me, I think. And your tongue will do the trick just right. In fact, I think that can replace our strap-on play, honey. If you like fucking girls in the ass so much, then I'll let you have all the ass you can stand. Just not how you expected it, baby. Not how you begged for it. I hope you learn your lesson, baby.

Let's say... *three months*, with you in this chastity tube, and if you eat my ass every night for... *an hour*, let's say, without begging or pleading for anything more... then I'll let you try out my tight pussy again, baby. *This* pussy. This one right here. The one you don't get, for three months, not tonight, not tomorrow, not until you've stewed in that chastity tube for *ninety more days*.

And then? We'll see if you ask for my ass, baby. We'll see if you still want to fuck me in the ass. We'll see if you beg me again to let you fuck my back door... but more importantly, we'll see if another three months of chastity teaches you how to last inside my cunt.

And if not? If it turns out you can't keep your weak little load up inside you, baby, until I'm done cumming?

Then we'll take a trip back to Olympia Books.

And this time, you'll clean yourself out even better. Because this time, you're going to need to be clean all the way in. Because then... *you'll* be the one who gives it up to a stranger's dick down at Olympia Books.

So let's get you ready, baby.

Here, let me unlock you... let me take the gag out. Don't say anything, baby... not till you've got a good hot load of water inside you. I want you cleaned out because I might change my mind. You can think about that, while you watch me take dick up my tight virgin ass, honey.

Down the hall, sissy. Get in the shower. That's it, babe. *Crawl.*

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Sissy on Stud by Meredith Marshall

"Krissy," I said to my husband, caressing his pretty, made-up face. "Get my slave ready for me, will you? Lick his ass for me, darling. Eat his ass *good*. I think he'll like that, don't you?"

Chris said, "Yes, Mistress," breathing hard. It's not like he hadn't given a rim job before... but he'd never given one to a *man*. This would be a new kind of humiliation. But I could see from the swelling front of my husband's panties that "Krissy" was going to like it almost as much as Derrick was.

Oh, Derrick's eyes were wide with fear; I'll admit that. He just didn't know that he wanted it yet. Derrick claimed he was straight -- *still* claims he's straight, even *now*. That's why I was being so kind as to start him off with a very nice rim job from my husband before I fucked him in the ass for the first time.

As if thinking it through, I asked "Krissy": "Don't you think it will make my big dick go in easier? Like it used to when I ate your ass out before I put my cock in you." I laughed lightly, running my hands through my husband's long, blonde hair. "That isn't necessary anymore, darling is it?"

"No, Mistress," said Chris, obediently crawling toward Derrick's upthrust ass. The latter was face-down, ass-up on the bed, his legs spread, his asshole exposed. He moaned softly as he waited to be rimmed by a boy for the first time. *If* my husband still counted as a boy, I suppose. I'm not sure anymore, and neither is he.

I rounded the bed to retrieve my strap-on, watching Derrick's frightened face as my husband closed in. He can't say he didn't see it coming. All that teasing I'd given him about how he'd have an easier time taking my dick in him if he got a nice wet rim job first? Did he think my husband was just going to kneel there and watch us while *I* licked my sex slave's ass? I, his *Mistress*?

Don't get me wrong, I'm far from "above" that. I ate Chris's ass when I was just starting to seduce him... before I'd really learned how to make a man submit, how to dominate him, how to tempt him deep into total submission. It was difficult for Chris to accept that kind of pleasure at first, which made it deliciously dominant. A rim job can be quite a dominant act, if a woman knows how to treat it.

But how much more dominant was it to make my hot little fuckslave, who even now wore my collar, reluctantly give up his ass to the equally reluctant tongue of my sissy husband? I liked that oh-so-much better. My sissy slave husband gets to put his hot tongue to good use frequently. After all, Derrick only comes over to fuck me two or three times a week. The rest of the time, it's just Chris and me. If Chris didn't know how to eat pussy, I don't know what I would do.

And it wasn't just my pussy and clit that Chris worshipped. He'd also gone down on my asshole. He'd rimmed me enough to know how to do it better than any other man I've gotten to do that. My husband knows how to eat ass, that's for sure.

Derrick didn't know how to get his ass eaten, though. Not that there's really much to it. He'd had a tongue in there, he'd told me -- one girlfriend liked that, in college, but she'd never put more than a finger in. He'd done himself, by his own admission. So I knew he'd find himself "open" to the experience.

And Derrick was in good hands. Chris had been well trained by having me sit on his face nearly every night. And so what if he didn't know how to rim a boy's ass? He could learn quickly. The only difference, I suspect, between rimming me and rimming Derrick would prove to be that Derrick's asshole was *hairier*. Just how I liked him. That, in itself, excited me. Why was I fucking Derrick if not to fulfil Chris's fantasy of being cuckolded -- while retaining control over my husband and plaything? The mythology demanded that Derrick, the hunk, the bull, the stud, be a real man. Chris, the sissy, was smooth all over... but Derrick was different. There was a *real man*. But even a real man puts his ass in the air when his Mistress

commands him to. Just like my husband puts his tongue up boy-butt when I order him to do that.

Chris crawled out of the shadows of our bedroom and onto the bed behind Derrick. Where Derrick was naked except for my collar, "Krissy" wore pretty pink panties and a bra. The bra was a very tight push-up model that augmented my husband's tiny boytits and almost gave him cleavage. The panties were skimpy and revealing, almost translucent in front. They showed off his hard cock plainly, testifying to how excited he was, despite his evident reluctance. The panties were also thong-backed, and revealed much of my husband's girlish, developing ass.

Just this afternoon, anticipating Derrick's arrival, I'd made Chris bend over in the shower so I could shave his ass smooth for my boyfriend. I think Chris thought I was going to give *him* to Derrick tonight, rather than order his face between Derrick's hairy cheeks so Chris could get my slave ready for me.

And why *wouldn't* Chris think that? Ever since he'd talked me into trying this strap-on thing for the first time, I fucked him regularly. And I'd picked those panties out just for him. They were a little too tight. I knew they rubbed up against Chris's asshole when he did things like bend way over to plant his knees on the edge of the bed so he could bend down behind Derrick.

Derrick is *huge*, mind you, if I haven't mentioned that yet. He's almost six-three to my little "Krissy's" five-six. Derrick is magnificently muscular and manly, where Chris is slim, girly and smooth all over. He'd kept his legs shaved for me since even before I started to feminize him. I had never really liked hair on my men... not until Chris convinced me to cuckold him. Then I discovered a whole new side of myself, fetishizing everything hairy, boorish and testosterone-driven about the male of the species. Why and I never liked it before? I have no idea. Maybe masculinity and femininity are sort of performances, and without my deliciously predictable husband as audience, I could never be bothered to put up with hairy and smelly men.

And Derrick is hairy, I'll give him that. Chris hesitated a little, moving in slowly... but to my sissy's credit, I did not have to chastise or spank him to get him to do it. Having had his tongue well up my ass, perhaps he had already gotten beyond the more critical taboo. Or maybe the little pervert *liked* how hairy and manly Derrick was. His hard cock certainly testified to that.

Chris planted his pretty, full, red-lipsticked mouth on Derrick's firm, tight buns and started to lick. I stood behind him and watched, seeing his head rise and fall slightly as his tongue flickered out and caressed my slave's tight asshole.

Derrick let out a moan -- of surprise, at first, I think. Then his nude body just shuddered all over, and he relaxed into the pleasure. Chris's supple tongue slid up into his ass. Chris was aggressive, just how I like it when he eats me out. He didn't just stay on the surface; he worked his tongue deeper with every stroke.

There was no seduction; there was only Chris's insistent tongue-strokes. He'd been trained to possess a tongue without reticence. It's an organ that insists the hole in question open up *wide*, whether its owner likes it or not. My strap-on could be the same way.

I wanted to give Derrick a chance to beg for mercy... or safeword, if he really needed to. After all, it's that much more delicious -- to me, at least -- to have a man give up his asshole when he knows he could stop if he wanted.

So I walked to the head of the bed and bent over. I put my lips close to Derrick's face and purred in his ear:

"Is there something you'd like to say to me, slave?"

If my little plaything was going to bark out his safeword, now was the time. Before I went through all the trouble of strapping it on for him. Those goddamn buckles get *complicated*.

If he *did* safeword, naturally, I would respect it. I consider such things sacrosanct. But I can't lie. I would have been deeply disappointed.

I'm happy to say that Derrick didn't disappoint me.

He just gulped and said, "Yes, Mistress." I waited for his safeword... and heard him say, "Thank you, Mistress."

Derrick's handsome face was a tormented mask of pleasure.

I felt pleasure of a very different sort pulsing through my body as I saw him surrender to what he was feeling. A man's tongue in his ass... and he was *liking it*.

"Good boy," I said. "Such a good little slave. Get him good and wet, Krissy. Drool plenty. I don't want to use lube if I don't really have to. You can take it, can't you, Derrick? Take it like a man?"

Derrick trembled and groaned reluctantly, "Y-y-yes, Mistress." He pushed his ass up as Chris launched himself into eating his ass with greater abandon. Chris's well-trained tongue was well up inside Derrick's asshole. I saw Derrick's face relaxing as he gave himself over to the pleasure.

Twenty three, and he'd barely ever been * rimmed. What a travesty! It was a pleasure to correct that state of affairs.

In a few moments, I'd correct another omission in Derrick's submissive training.

But first, I had other things to attend to. I had to pee, and -- more importantly -- as I watched Chris lick Derrick's asshole, I saw my sissy's hand migrating up to caress Derrick's cock -- instinctively, I suppose. I felt a thrill. He was showing his eagerness to please my slave, merely because he was my slave.

But that wouldn't do. I would *not* have Chris getting Derrick off before I was good and ready to let my slave cum. I'd made him wait this long, which

was already conspicuously sadistic. Why would I let my sissy choose the moment of my slave's release, just because Chris had been ordered to pleasure Derrick's ass? I would make him wait as long as it pleased me to do so. No matter how eagerly Chris ate Derrick's ass, neither would cum till I gave them permission.

As I slapped Chris's hand away from Derrick's cock, I realized Derrick's hand was also hanging there, close to his cock, as if he were about to grab it -- and jack off. That would most certainly not do.

I barked: "Don't touch his cock, sissy! Don't you dare! And don't you touch it, either, slave. Here! If you want something to do with your hands..." I grabbed Derrick's wrist and put one foot up on the bed, close to his face. That let me spread my legs wide enough that I could force three of Derrick's fingers up into me.

I groaned in pleasure as I shoved them in.

I got Derrick's fingers good and wet with my juices, then forced his hand up to his face. I shoved his fingers into his mouth and hissed at him:

"Suck them clean, slave. Taste your Mistress. No one touch anyone's cock! Is that understood?"

I was delighted to hear Chris and Derrick say, "Yes, Mistress," almost simultaneously. It was even more delightful to hear Derrick drawl it from a wet mouth full of fingers.

"You two be good," I said. "I'll be right back."

I left them there as I went into the bathroom to pee. At the door, I looked at the bed and thrilled to how gorgeous they looked together. Sissy and slave -- who would have thought it?

When I came out, both boys were still being good. Derrick had licked his fingers clean of my juices and was now grasping the head of the bed, pushing his ass up in the air while his eyes went wild. He seemed to love

what my sissy was doing to him -- and to be shamed by the pleasure. I liked that. In fact, I *loved* that.

I watched the scene closely as I retrieved my favorite harness and cock from my top drawer. I could put this thing on in the dark, so no problem there. I stepped easily into the harness and drew it up my legs, still observing my husband's technique and making sure he did not slacken in his duties. I wanted him to keep eating Derrick's ass the way my slave deserved... until I was ready to take my slave's asshole.

Derrick moaned in response to Chris's urgent tongue-thrusts, surrendering more with each stroke to the waves of pleasure that rippled through his muscular body.

It excited me powerfully to see this tableau... where not only was *giving* a rim job an act of submission for Chris. Just *receiving* one was a powerful proof of submission for Derrick... submission to *me*. It made me want more, much more, as I buckled my harness on and fitted my favorite cock through the metal ring.

Chris knew I was watching. He tipped his head sideways, a little, so he could show me how eagerly his tongue worked up and down in Derrick's crack and how zealously it circled his hole. Chris licked Derrick's ass in quick, spiraling motions, each spiral closing in on my slave's virgin entrance. Chris's tongue moved like a vortex; when it reached the center, it burrowed up into Derrick's hole and wriggled. It was at those times that Derrick would moan the loudest. He liked it.

Derrick's pretty mouth hung open; I could see drool glistening on the pillow.

I stroked my big silicone cock up and down. It felt wonderful. Moments ago I'd been under my slave, getting fucked. My hair had been sweaty and scattered over that same pillow on which my slave now drooled as I had my sissy violate his asshole. Derrick's huge cock had been up deep in me; he had thought I was about to give him permission to cum inside me. Maybe he thought my sissy would eat it out of me, as Chris has always loved to do,

and has done with each of the lovers I've taken since I began cuckolding him. Eating me out when I'm gooey is a show of Chris's submission to me, and an acceptance of each of my lovers in his life... in *our* life.

But this was a much more dramatic show of submission... and as such, I liked it. I think I liked Derrick's confused and desperate response even more than Chris's. Derrick was a relatively new fucktoy of mine. I already know that I own Chris. It was no real surprise that he'd stick his tongue up my boyfriend's ass for me. Chris was experiencing something for the first time - rimming boy-ass, or rather *man-ass*... and a manly ass it was.

Derrick, on the other hand... he was experiencing something that struck to his core. When he'd heard my conditions and taken my collar regardless, I know he thought he would just get a blowjob from "Krissy" from time to time. And he'd already seen "her." My sissy is fuckable, no doubt about it. No "real man" like Derrick would find himself questioning his masculinity just because he got head from a hot little sissy like Chris.

But this was another story. This was his *ass*... and I was about to take it.

Derrick's moans grew louder. His dark eyes roved wildly and his mouth hung open, drooling copiously as my sissy's tongue circled his ass and penetrated it again and again. I could see the shock and dismay on my slave's face as Derrick attempted to assimilate the knowledge that he was being rimmed by another man... and that it felt *good*.

Had the big he-man dreamed he would get off more easily than this? Had he imagined that an emotionally sadistic woman like me could own a straight slave like him and not crave the sight of him accepting pleasure from another man -- well beyond the "no strings attached" delights of a blowjob?

Sometimes accepting pleasure is a greater show of submission than giving it. For he-men like Derrick -- who prided himself on getting me off with his very big cock, this was even truer than it was for sissies like Chris.

What I loved most was the panic on Derrick's face as he felt that pleasure. The tragic heat in his movements, as his hips began to rock in time with Chris's deep oral-anal penetrations, made me decide something.

This little rim job would just be for *starters*. My slave was going to receive *much* more pleasure from my husband.

I stroked my cock, feeling the complicated pattern of the realistic veins, the swell of the cockhead, the curve of the shaft. Jacking myself off, I almost felt like it was real. Pressure on the shaft at just the right angle delivered a grinding pressure through the base to my clit. On another night, I could cum just by fucking my sissy's tight hole. But Derrick had already gotten me off multiple times with his big, luscious cock. This time, the fuck would be about Derrick's ass, not my clit.

I just watched for a time, as I "masturbated." I stroked my strap-on like a real cock, enjoying the feeling of dominance it conveyed. I let myself savor the beautiful sight of Chris and Derrick there on the bed, both in different poses of absolute submission. Derrick was face-down, ass-up; Chris was on his knees, legs spread, his body bent over so he could get his mouth on Derrick's crack. I loved the wet, juicy slurping sounds Chris made as he put his all into servicing Derrick.

Finally, I couldn't stand the anticipation. I didn't want to wait. I craved my slave's tight ass.

I drizzled lube on my strap-on cock and smeared it all over the head and down the shaft, jacking myself off. I had said I wouldn't use lube -- but that was for Derrick's benefit. I knew his anxiety about taking my dick up his ass would augment the experience if I seemed careless about it. So I acted rougher than I really was. But I'm proud to say, I was convincing.

I pushed Chris out of the way and mounted the bed behind Derrick.

The cock I had chosen was not small, but it wasn't nearly as big as it could have been. I'd chosen a dick that I thought would go into my slave's virgin ass with ease... and I'd chosen well. The going was eased by both

lube and spit; my cock glistened with the former, Derrick's asshole with the latter.

"Here it comes, slave," I teased Derrick. "Open wide for your Mistress's dick."

I mounted him quickly, leaning my weight in at just the right angle to push my cockhead firmly against Derrick's well-licked hole. I was surprised at how easily it breached the snug entrance. Derrick's hole tightened up at first, just for a moment; then he gasped as he felt himself relaxing. My silicone cock slid deep inside him. I buried my cock in his asshole and started to work my hips in a circular motion, fucking him with deep, rhythmic strokes.

I saw that Chris was watching, his pretty face ruined from the task of serving my boyfriend's virgin asshole. God, he looked gorgeous! I should do something nice for him, I decided.

I smiled at my husband. His blue eyes sparkled in fear.

He needn't have been afraid. He'd served me well.

I said, "All right, sissy. Here's your reward. Cum on his face, baby. Jack yourself off."

Derrick's moans rose in pitch as he heard that.

Chris said excitedly, "Yes, Mistress."

As Chris rounded the bed and mounted the far end, I started fucking my slave's asshole more urgently. Chris spread his knees and crouched beside Derrick's face. He reached into his panties and pulled out his cock. It was fully hard, the tip drooling pre-cum. Chris began to jack off.

Feeling my husband close to him, Derrick reacted naturally. His big brown eyes widened, and his head came up off the moist pillow. He turned his head.

I said: "Don't look away, slave. Let it happen."

"Yes, Mistress," I heard Derrick whisper, so quietly I almost couldn't hear it. But I *did* hear it, and it meant something.

I also saw the proof that he loved me, that he worshipped me... as he turned his head back toward "Krissy."

Derrick tightened his lips, closed his eyes, and let my husband jack off in his face. It did not take long. As I pumped my cock into Derrick's asshole, "Krissy" cried out in pleasure and shot clear streams of jizz all over my slave's face. It had been weeks since I'd gotten Chris off, even longer since I'd let him jack it. His denial-swollen balls provided a huge load of cum, and he milked it out eagerly. It shot all over Derrick's handsome, dark face.

"You want *your* reward, slave? You want it? You want the same thing that he got?"

"Yes, Mistress," Derrick groaned as I pumped my cock into him. "Please, Mistress." His hand was already moving, but I was ahead of him. When he reached up to grab his cock, I caught his wrist and pulled it behind him. He cried out in a pleasantly girlish way as I twisted his arm behind him, forcing his now-cummy face back down onto the wet pillow and making him lift his ass.

"Well, you'll cum... but not by your own hand. That wouldn't do, would it? Not after Krissy here's put so much work into making you feel good..."

I saw Chris's face, pink with pleasure, go pale with shock. But he had to have known it was coming. One virginity is not nearly enough for a whole night of perverse debauchery is it?

Not in my world.

I crooked my finger at Chris in a "come-hither" gesture. He came to be obediently, crawling across the big bed. When he got there, I grabbed his

blonde hair and pushed his face down. The two of them together were a whole lot to handle... but both of them *wanted* to be my playthings. Even big, bad, burly Derrick didn't struggle when I guided Chris's mouth onto his cock.

I didn't even have to give Chris the order. He knew what I wanted. That thrilled me almost more than blowjob itself. If it could even be *called* a "blowjob," given that Derrick cried out and came within seconds?

This time, Krissy was really little more than a cum-catcher. But what a good cum-catcher she was.

I kept fucking Derrick as Chris's hand pumped up and down on the shaft of Derrick's cock, his lips wrapped tight around the head. I had meant to tell Chris not to drool -- I wanted him to swallow it all, since I couldn't. But then something happened that I did not expect. Against all likelihood, I felt a swelling inside myself.

As Chris sucked my slave's dick beneath us, I started fucking Derrick's ass fervently, rocking my body at just the right angle to... *there!* When I leaned like that, I pushed the base up hard against my clitoris. With my legs spread and my hand gripping the foot-post, I could just barely-- *oh, yes!*

I came again. Hard, long, and deep. I came like *hell*. I cried out loudly in pleasure as I rode Derrick's bucking body, my silicone dick buried deep inside him.

Everything went a little dim for a minute; dim, as if I'd been blinded by fireworks. And in a sense, I had.

Tremors still rocked Derrick's muscular body. With my cock buried deep in his ass, our bodies were almost like one. Every time he would shake and shiver with pleasurable aftershocks, I would feel the motion against my clit.

When I finally pulled my cock out of my slave's ass, Chris was still sucking Derrick's cock, even though he'd gone mostly soft. It seemed that I'd turned my sissy into an eager little cocksucker.

I loved that.

In fact, I loved it so much that I guided Chris's hot little lipstick-sissy mouth up onto *my* cock... and you know what?

My sissy just *sucked it*. I guess I'd trained them both better than I even knew.

There was much more training to come, for my sissy, my slave, and me. And every lesson is a pleasure, for all of us.

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Husband and Wife Gangbang by Heather Stevens

You have no idea how much it turns me on that you're willing to do this for me, baby. Organizing your own wife's gangbang is very, very brave of you. It really shows that you're in love with me.

But I don't just mean organizing my gangbang, baby. I mean, it's not like it doesn't turn you on, too. Yes, it was my idea for me to get gangbanged, but you're the one who really wanted it, weren't you, baby? Judging from all that interracial gangbang porn on your computer, it certainly was. I mean, I only suggested a gangbang *after* you told me that you "wouldn't mind" if I wanted to "date" a black man, "maybe even get a black boyfriend. I finally teased you into admitting that you meant you wouldn't mind if I "went all the way with him." It took me a long time to get you to admit that you wanted me to fuck him.

Then I got you to admit that you wanted me to fuck him right in front of you. Maybe even *make* you watch. Maybe while I sort of..."You know, humiliated me a little," you said.

Oh, I could read between the lines, darling. That's why I asked why I should have to stop at just one. That's why I said, "Would you be willing to help me plan a, you know...a gangbang?"

If you think I couldn't tell you were ten times more excited about it, even, than I was -- well, baby, you've always been pretty naïve. I mean, you seemed to think that I didn't already have a black boyfriend or two. You seemed to think you were asking a lot for me to "go all the way" with a black stranger. You didn't seem to realize that I've cheated on you before, baby. In fact, I try to make a habit of it.

But there was no reason to tell you that, right? After all, you were eager to "introduce" your wife to the pleasures of interracial sex...by placing that personal ad, and recruiting a dozen black men with huge cocks to fuck me.

All while you watch, of course. It's so gracious of you, baby, to let me be your little whore. You're such a good husband to let me put on a live sex show for you, when you're the one who really needs to get fucked.

But you did a yummy job of setting up my "party," darling. And you certainly enjoyed all little tasks involved in doing so.

I think what you liked best was looking through the thousands of JPGs that black men sent in response to our ad.

You really loved filtering through the thousands of pictures of big black dicks. Flipping through them...and beating off. You loved that part, baby, didn't you?

Oh, does it surprise you that I knew that's what you were doing? Well, it won't, baby. Not once you realize how I've planned this gangbang...how I've added my little "details" to it, even as you thought you were the one setting it up.

See, I already knew you were beating off to porn, darling. I would see how red your face gets when you're at your computer.

Just a few weeks ago, you were jerking off to one of those huge folders you think I don't know about -- interracial it was something boring, like Femdom porn. But in the last few weeks as you've been organizing my "party," it's obvious what you're looking at. I see how red your face gets when I walk into the room when you're looking through personal ads through emails from the guys who want to attend. I see how your pants swell. And I know when you hear me coming, you have to shove your dick away awkwardly. I know you've been jerking off to them, baby, the emails from guys who want to gangbang me. I know you've been getting hard looking at all those pictures of black cock.

So that's why it means so much to me that you're willing to put on that chastity tube for the main event.

I mean, it's not like I gave you a choice. At first, you thought I was just playing when I said I thought we should call it off. But I saw the look in your eyes. It had been my idea to begin with, and when I said I didn't want to go through with it, you panicked. You would have done everything to you would have done anything and everything to convince me you were "okay" with it. By the time you said you'd put on a chastity tube for the event, you didn't even realize you had been played. I think maybe you're just realizing it now, in fact, as the first guests are arriving.

What argument did I use again to get you to put a chastity tube on for your own wife's gangbang? I just don't remember. It's kind of funny when I try, actually. All I know is whatever I said, it worked. And now, here you are, answering the collar, naked except for your boots, your pink panties, and your dog collar. And the chastity tube, of course, which I just padlocked onto your cock before I watched you put on your panties.

It must be incredibly humiliating, baby. In fact, I know that it is. Want to know how I know? Because I can't take my eyes off those cute off your cute little butt in those pretty pink panties. It's see-through, baby; you even shaved for me. Your legs and your ass are nice and smooth to match how firm and girly they're getting. With you how much I've been making you work out, darling, out, darling, your butt almost looks like a girl's butt. Especially when it's poured into tight, see-through panties -- and wiggling back and forth as you answer the door. You're wiggling because your dick is getting stiff. Each time another handsome black man knocks on the door each time you open the door and find another handsome black man there -- sometimes two or three at a time, as more of them arrive -- your little dick goes stiffy and pokes against the spikes in your chastity tube. It bends at an angle, the tight plastic tube, so even if it didn't have spikes, you'd feel pain whenever your little dick tried to get hard. But I made sure to buy the model that has that one big, nasty spike, the one that wiggles its way right into your peehole if you get all the way hard. The spike gets wider as it goes, baby, so that by the time you've got a full erection, your peehole will be stretched wide...and you'll really be in agony.

I know I'm supposed to love you and all that, baby, but...I just love the idea that if you can't control yourself and you really do get a boner while

you're watching me get gangfucked by strangers...you're going to be in a *lot* of pain.

In fact, I don't even know if you'll be able to stand it. You may start crying, baby.

And that would get me even more turned on. I know I'm a bad, bad wife for wanting to see you in pain, baby, while I get pleased by big black cocks. But then...you're a pretty bad husband for all that porn you looked at and jerked off to. So I guess we're even, aren't we?

I explained to you about the spike and your peehole and how bad it's going to hurt if you get erect, baby. You seemed confident and cocky. Of course you wouldn't get a hard-on. You'll control yourself; you're an adult. I explained everything to you before I padlocked the chastity tube onto your cock and balls, baby. I'm still surprised you let me do it once I told you how bad it would hurt.

But it turned me on to see you so confident.

I knew that by the time that first big black dick slid up into my pussy bareback, that look of confidence would be wiped right off your face.

Because I'm not the only one about to get gangbanged.

Some of those dicks are going into you, too, baby. Into your mouth and down your throat and even up your ass. I've planned it all out, baby, same as you planned *my* gangbang. You're about to get turned bisexual tonight, baby. You're going to be the little panty-wearing fuckslave to black cock that you beat off thinking about becoming.

You're going to get fucked as good as I am tonight, baby.

You just don't know it yet.

#

When things really get going, I'm sitting on the couch making out with two of the guys who showed up early. I'm wearing my sexiest white peignoir -- that's right, the one I wore on our wedding night. I'm going to enjoy tonight a lot more than I enjoyed that night, darling. Remember how you came on my thigh? I had to wait two whole hours for you to get hard again and try to properly fuck me, and even then you did a pretty piss-poor job. I pretended to cum, but...you know, you probably didn't even know I was faking on our wedding night, did you? Not until just now. Well, there a lot of things you're going to learn tonight, so get used to it.

When you come in, I'm sandwiched on the loveseat between two big black men, sitting in their laps, squirming all over as they play with me. I've got my legs spread. One has his hand down my panties, and one is kissing me, playing with my tits. Six more are sitting on the other couches, in various states of undress. The ones on the couch have their shirts off. One guy is totally naked already, sitting on a bath towel the way you asked them to if they took off their underwear. Once the jockeys and boxers come off, I think he's going to be the only one who bothers with a towel.

The ones I'm playing with on the loveseat with me still have their jeans on, because I've been keeping them so busy they haven't had time to undress. But their big broad dark gorgeous chests are naked, and I'm crawling all over them, caressing, licking their nipples and fingering their bulges. I haven't taken their cocks out only because I want you to be there, standing in your panties, watching when I take the first one into my mouth.

You lead in the last four guys -- that makes a total of twelve, plus you and me. These last four are ten minutes late, so they'll have to wait their turn. When it's time their turn to fuck me, they'll get a pussy and maybe even an ass that's a gooey mess -- almost as big a gooey mess as you're going to chow down on once they leave. I can see your cute little but wiggling back and forth even faster as you try to keep your dick from stiffening. You breathe deep and fast and try to stay focus yourself, but you're not having much success.

You take your place standing next to the loveseat, watching me.

I look up at you.

Never breaking eye contact with you, I slide out of the two men's laps, and drop to my knees in front of them.

I quickly untie my peignoir and slide it off before I go to work on them. I hold out the filmy garment out for you; you just stare, dumbly, your little dick stiffening in your chasty tube, the chastity tube bulging through your panties.

One of the two guys on the love seat takes my peignoir from my hand. He hands it to you. You take it, humiliated.

"Well?"

I'm down on my knees, with my hands on two stranger's belt buckles, about to start going down on them.

But I take a moment to look up at you.

I want to give you some emotional abuse -- you deserve it, baby.

You just stand there dumbly, staring at me in disbelief.

I say, "Well?" stiffly.

You turn red as I realize what I want. I told you earlier, but I guess you forgot.

"Any piece of clothing I give you tonight," I told you, "I want you to smell."

So you do exactly what I told you to do. You give me what I want. You bring my peignoir up to your face and you *sniff*. You inhale deeply, smelling me.

There'll be more to come, but it won't just be *my* clothes I make you sniff tonight, baby.

The smell of my peignoir turns you on. I watch your hips working furiously as you feel the pain of your dick stiffening inside that tube.

I start on the men's belt-buckles. I unfasten them quickly and unbuttoning their jeans. Both guys run their hands through my hair, caress my neck, caress my shoulders. I unzip their jeans and take their cocks out. They're massive, both of them. I think that's what you selected for, baby, mostly. None of these guys is bad looking, but the one thing they all have in common is plenty of meat in their pants -- unlike you. I think that's what you did when you were looking through all those emailed pictures, baby. I think you sat there looking through JPGs, looking from cock to cock and comparing, trying to decide how to assemble the twelve black men with the largest cocks you could find.

Well, with these two you did a pretty good job -- and they're only the first two. They're already hard, of course. I've been making out with them for twenty minutes now. I hoist up their huge cocks and take one in my mouth, caressing the other with my hand. I take the first deep, pushing it down along my tongue, feeling the delicious sensation of smooth hard cock against me. I push it up to the back of my throat, but it's way too big for me to deep throat. So I come up for air, spit on his cock so I'll have lots of lube to keep my hand working easily

The black man says, "Yeah," that's nice," as I caress his spit-slick dick with my hand, while I go to town on the other guys' cock with my eager, drooling mouth.

This second man is uncut, and I don't expect it to turn me on so much. I've never been with an uncircumcised man before, and it excites me. It smells different. I wonder if that turned you on as much as it turns me on, when you jacked off to the JPGs.

I pull back his foreskin, the way I've seen in porn -- yes, darling, I can watch porn, too. In fact, I watch quite a lot of it...all of it interracial.

Imagine that!

I expose the man's huge, full cock head, which is drooling cum. The smell and the sight of his cock makes my mouth water.

I take his cock deep into my mouth.

The other guys are getting impatient. They get up and start moving around me. I'm very, very wet from sucking the two men on the loveseat, and I'm eager to start with the others. I back up a little; the two men in the loveseat stand up and take their places in the circle.

Only six guys can fit around me close enough to blow bang me. I can move in a circle from cock to cock. But I don't want them to surround me so tightly, with their shoulders and muscled torsos pushing together above me. If they do, then they can't then you won't see a thing. And I want you to see me sucking them, darling.

I say, "Move aside a little." Then, to you, I say, "Darling, come closer. Get in the circle. I want you close.

You moan in agony as you obey me. One guy, irritated, backs away a little, so there's only five men and you, with me in the middle. Their big black cocks stick toward me, fully hard. The sixth cock, of course, is yours - locked in a plastic chastity tube and stretching your see-through pink panties. I point at it and laugh. A couple of them laugh, too. I reach out and flick my fingers against your chastity tube, making a sharp sound against the plastic with my fingernails.

I laugh and laugh. "Darling, you really are *hard*! No problems with staying soft the way you usually have, is it? If I'd known it was that easy to get you hard, I wouldn't have put up with your pathetic impotence all these years!"

The men chuckle awkwardly. Your face is getting very red, and your half-hard cock is getting hard all the way. Up close like this, I can see right through your panties. I can see the painful chastity spike jutting into your

pee-hole as your cock stiffens. You let out a strangled sound of pain as the spike stretches your pee-hole. I make a happy, yummy sound to hear you in agony.

I reach out and take hold of two big black cocks, caressing them. Eagerly, I start sucking on a third.

I take on cock after cock, moving around clockwise, serving three dicks at a time, caressing a cock in each hand as I suck. I move around the circle. One guy doesn't have his cock out yet. I have to take a moment to pull down his jockey shorts. As I lower them down his muscular black thighs, his knees, his calves, I get more excited, knowing what's coming for your next humiliation.

The guy steps out of his jockey shorts. I turn away from his cock just long enough to hit you in the face with his jockeys.

Instinctively, you catch them.

I say, "Here's a treat, baby. Do what you're good at."

Then my mouth is full; I'm gobbling down the cock of the man I've just stripped. The man whose jockeys I just told you to sniff.

I keep my eyes upturned to see what you do. Your face is bright red. I almost don't think you're going to do it.

But I guess I judged you correctly after all, didn't I?

All these years of being a "real" couple, with me laying there bored during sex and you never being a real man for me -- well, that seems to be over. Once I saw the look on your face when I suggested maybe I we might have a threesome with another *guy* next time? That's when I started realizing how completely you wanted to be dominated.

You lift the man's jockey shorts to your face. They're visibly dirty. You draw a deep breath.

My mouth comes off the guy's cock. I'm panting.

"Yum, Yum," I mock you, laughing.

Then I fill my mouth with cock again. I move from dick to dick, stroking each guy on either side of the one I'm blowing at any given time.

I pull down the next guy's boxers and give them the same treatment -- I hit you in the face with them. I do it with each guy, even the ones who have already pulled their underwear down. You sniff a pair of jockey shorts, a jock strap, a pair of men's' French-cut bikini briefs.

All of them smell like the men about to fuck your wife.

You inhale deeply, obediently, your cock pressed tight and hard against the clear plastic tube, the pain evident in your humiliated face as you squirm back and forth, your chastity-locked dick jiggling in your panties.

I move easily through the five men who can crowd around me, then I motion for the next seven to get in close. I take them on three and four and five at a time, and the ones I've finished with come back for another fluff, sometimes.

Naked except for my very wet panties, I'm covered in drool and ruined makeup. Mascara is running down my cheeks. Tears from trying to deep throat pour onto my tits along with strings of drool. Lipstick and precum are everywhere. My hair is a mess.

"I can't handle you all," I say desperately. Then I look at you, with a big broad smile. "Who wants to teach him how to fluff?"

Your eyes go wide. You can't believe what you're hearing.

I laugh at you.

"After all, he's wearing pink panties. I think he *wants* to suck dick. I've always sort of suspected it."

You make a desperate sound of pleading submission.

I just smile at you happily.

You're a fool, baby. You think I don't know the password to your computer? When I said I wanted you to handle all the arrangements for my first gangbang, that didn't mean I wouldn't check up on how they were going, any more than my respecting your privacy as a husband meant I wouldn't find out your password and sneak into your computer to see just what porn you're jerking off to.

I did that long ago, baby. I've *always* known what porn you like. Especially the stuff you didn't want me to know about.

It seems it's a lot of big hard black dick gay porn, baby, right there alongside the super-hardcore ball busting Femdom porn.

How could I give up this opportunity? If you thought you'd make it out of tonight without learning what it *really* means to be a cuckold husband...you've got another think coming.

That's why I emailed all twelve of the guys after you did. Secretly, I asked them whether any of them were willing to Dominate *you* as well as me -- with no prior warning to you.

All twelve, of course, had already said they were fine with you watching, so it was a pretty good sample to begin with. Nine of them said they weren't interested in having you suck their cocks, though they might change their minds later.

The other three are the ones I met with, in secret, before my gangbang...to talk about you a little bit. To make sure they would do you *right*.

They're the ones who volunteer when I say, "Who wants to teach my husband to fluff?"

Their names are Jay, Stephen and Mike, darling, and I met them each for coffee just to make sure that I was okay with them being your first cocks. I mean, you're my husband, baby, I wanted to make sure losing your virginity was a good experience, right?

And you know me, baby. Once I get around a good-looking black man, I can never let it be "just coffee." You know that cute little bohemian café downtown? They've got a *very* luxurious bathroom, baby. And afternoons are slow, so if a couple wants to spend ten minutes in there with the door locked?

Of course, Jay, I met in the morning, before work. So it was pretty busy. That meant I had to do him in the alley.

But I had to try them all out for you first, baby.

I can guarantee that their cocks taste *great*.

If you were thinking about putting on putting up a fight against your introduction to the world of hardcore bisexual submission, baby, you don't think about it for long.

I already told them that you might be reluctant, but that you probably wouldn't take much convincing. Jay, Mike and Stephen were all more than willing to "convince" you if the needed to. They're fired up to take you down if they have to. But you make it nice and easy.

Your hips are still pumping as you try to stay soft and utterly fail. The peehole-spike causing you excruciating pain each time your dick goes from half-hard to fully-hard.

Jay and Mike force you to your knees. When they shove their dicks in your face, it only takes a little bit of slapping to get you to first one, then the other in your mouth. Stephen joins them a moment later.

Soon, you're chowing down eagerly as I am. You open wide and swallow them just like a pro. You even deep throat faster than I do, baby. I think you've been practicing with my dildos when I'm gone. Maybe that's why I sometimes find them with spit and lipstick on them.

It turns me on so much to see you with big black dick in your mouth -- and also in your hands -- that I've simply got to go to the next level. I've got to be fucked, baby.

I stand up. I take a slow pirouette around the circle of black men surrounding me. I pick three and point at each one in turn:

"You get my pussy. Sit on the couch, right in the middle. I'm going to ride you. And then...*you*, and *you*, sit next to him." Then I find the very biggest one -- a huge hard stud whose name is Mark -- I met him for coffee, too, just because he was the biggest of all the twelve you selected for me. I caress Mark's huge dick softly. It's still moist with my spit. "You get my ass," I tell him.

Then, louder, so you can hear it, I say, "Hear that, baby? I'm going to give Mark my ass!"

I've never done that with you before; I know it's a huge turn-on for you, but I've never consented to it. I know it must be humiliating for you to realize that I'm giving it up for a stranger.

Whether you think about that or wonder how I know the guy's name is Mark, I don't know. You don't respond because your mouth is full of dick. You're really going to town on Jay and Mike and Stephen, moving from dick to dick the same way I did, using your hands and your mouth at the same time. Sometimes Jay likes to pull his dick out and slap you hard across the face with it. When that he does that, you moan. I remember him doing that from when I blew him in the coffee shop bathroom. It's hot, but it's a little rough. I wasn't sure it wouldn't make you cry.

You're already crying -- at least, your eyes are running with tears. But it's not from having to suck cock, baby. It's not even from humiliation. It's because you've been taking all three men down your throat all the way -- I can tell from the lipstick rings you left right around the base of their cocks. My pussy gives a surge as I walk eagerly over to the couch.

I drop my panties and hand them to one of the guys. I say, "Can one of you make my husband smell these while he sucks dick?"

Then I crawl onto the big black guy in the middle of the couch.

He's holding up his dick for me.

"Hello," I smile at him, looking into his gorgeous brown eyes. "What's your name?"

I look deep into his beautiful eyes as I take hold of his big black cock and slide his cockhead up and down in my slit.

I'm dripping...of course. I find my entrance. I work his head in.

""Trey," he says.

I gasp as I push myself onto him. I really have to force it, he's so thick. I push myself down, mounting him, forcing his cock inside me. I have to stop about halfway in because he's bottomed out in my pussy.

I laugh a little between moans.

"Nice to meet you," I sigh as I fuck myself onto him.

I caress his big shoulders for the first few dozen thrusts, kissing him deeply. If he cares that I was sucking cock, he doesn't show it.

Then I reach out and take hold of the two men beside me. They've got nice big, thick cocks, and one of them is uncircumcised, too. It turns me on

to feel the softness of his foreskin covering the huge hard head of his very big dick.

Behind the couch, there's a fourth man, his dick out. It seems he just can't wait. I lean up, over Trey's shoulder, and start to suck him.

Meanwhile, Mark is coming in with the lube -- which I've made you set out earlier in case we needed it. Mark is slicking up his cock, getting ready to fuck my ass. As I ride Trey, Mark's fingers find my crack. He slides one finger in, and it feels huge. He feels how tight I am -- especially with my pussy stuffed full of Trey's cock. I slow down and work myself up and down on Trey slowly, enjoying the feel of him in me, knowing I want to make him last, and knowing that in a few moments, I'll be stuffed full of cock in both my holes.

It doesn't take long before Mark is working his cock head up inside me.

I moan loudly as he stretches my butthole. Sometimes I whimper and even try to pull away a little. But I'm pinned between Mark and Trey, and both of them are horny, not interested in slowing down. I've never been double penetrated before - not even with dildos.

Mark finally relents and slows down a little as he stretches me. I say, "Thank you -- oh, I'm so fucking tight," and then the guy standing behind the couch silences me by grabbing my hair and shoving his dick in my mouth.

I gag on it as Mark opens up my ass with his dick.

It takes a very long time, but none of the guys I'm working on seems to mind. They give it to me good, taking their time, each of the men on either side of me enjoying their hand jobs -- which I spice up every now and then by pulling my mouth off the cock behind the couch and bending down low, contorting myself so I can add spit and the texture of my tongue to the hand jobs.

Mark's cock finally gets all the way in my ass. Wanting to feel the ultimate in triple penetration, I open wide and take the stranger's cock down my throat. Soon I'm stuffed in all three holes with two cocks in my hand.

I look over at you eagerly; you're doing more than fluffing, baby. Jay has got you pinned to the loveseat sideways, and Mark has apparently handed off the lube to him. It looks like Jay is going to enter your ass.

The pink panties are around your ankles. Mike towers over you, his dick in your mouth. As he fucks your face, you hump yourself on to Jay's cock.

When I hear the loud, girlish squeal, he I know he's finally in you.

And you're the one who's pushing yourself onto him.

That's when I scream at the top of my lungs -- in pleasure. I cum *hard*, pleasure flowing through me as cock filing up my cunt and my ass, baby. I moan and howl, "I'm cumming!"

Then the guy behind the couch grabs my hair again and forcibly turns me away from you. He pulls my hair and shoves his dick down my throat. I gag on it but open wide and accept it. He starts fucking my face.

Now I'm way too busy to watch you get buttfucked, baby. I'm too busy to watch you become Jay's bitch. I've got dick of my own to service, honey. I have five hard black cocks to work on, and none of these guys is going to wait for me to enjoy myself watching you get turned into a homosexual.

Five cocks is plenty to fill my hunger, baby, at least at one time. I'm starting to think when I told you I wanted twelve, I might have overdone it. Even with the three men that you're taking care of right now, that leaves men waiting, impatient, dicks hard.

By the time one of the guys waiting for access to my holes gets bored and pushes up to the loveseat to shove his dick in your mouth, Jay has already shot his load all over your face, and is forcing your hand up and down on his dick, working on getting hard again.

Trey, the man I'm riding, gives a moan and cums deep inside me. I feel the soft slick sensation of his seed filling me deep, and I moan as I hold him tight and whisper, "Yes, fuck, oh yes, cum inside me." Does it matter to him that I'm not on the pill? It certainly seemed like a plus from the responses to the ad you placed, bragging about how this would be a "bareback, no protection" affair. And my not using birth control certainly didn't prevent any of them from responding to the ad you placed -- least of all Trey, since he's the first one to seed me. Part of me wants to remind him. I want to tell him I'm not using birth control not just because I want to make sure he knows, but because it makes me fucking hot to say it. That's why I told you I wouldn't be using condoms or going on birth control for this gangbang. The risk is part of what makes me want it so bad...and maybe that's why, as Trey seeds my cunt, a second, unexpected orgasm suddenly blasts through me.

I clutch him closely to me, moaning as I cum around his erupting cock. I feel intensely romantic all of a sudden toward Trey, the first man to seed my womb tonight. I want to tell him some of how beautiful it feels, but I can't, because my mouth is being stuffed full of cock again by another impatient "guest."

And I like that almost as much as I like being seeded by Trey.

So I just open wide and take it down my throat, letting him face-fuck me just before Mark pulls his huge cock out of my ass and blasts his load all over my back. He cums so hard he sprays it all the way up to my shoulders. His seed runs down my back and into my crack.

My pussy drips cum as Mark pulls me off of Trey and holds me up, pinning my wrists behind me and tipping my head back so he can kiss me deeply. He holds me up just long enough to let Trey get up. One of the two guys on either side of him takes Trey's spot. Another takes his place as Mark pushes me back into my place on the couch, with a new guy under me. I face him, spreading.

I take his cock in my hand before I say a word. I look in his face and smile as I guide his dick to my hole.

"And what's your name?" I ask, as I rub his big black cock in my cummy pussy.'

I don't even hear his response, because I'm moaning so loudly as I impatiently force myself onto his dick. I'm sensitive from having climaxed twice on Trey's dick. I don't even care what his name is, and he knows it.

I go crazy with pleasure. I just start fucking myself onto him.

The guy behind the couch has been joined by two more. All three of them grab my hair and shove their dicks roughly into my mouth at the same time. They're getting a little rough, baby. Too bad I don't have a husband to protect me.

He's busy getting bitch-fucked on our loveseat. But don't worry, baby. They may be a little rough...but I know we're both starting to like it.

I hear Jay groaning as he cums in your asshole. With seven men on me, I don't have time to cheer you on. Even when I hear you howling as someone else -- Mike or Stephen, I assume -- decides to use your ass. Then your howls are muffled as your mouth is stuffed -- I assume with a cock in your mouth, maybe two. I hear gulping sounds from behind me as your throat works eagerly, and slapping sounds as the guy using your asshole starts to jackhammer himself in deep.

You're really getting it *good*. It's so hot to hear it that I start to go crazy, really giving it up for the seven men fucking me.

But I'm pretty busy, darling, so I don't get to see just how good the black men fuck you.

I really like that thrill of arousal you've given me by howling like that as you get buggered.

It's enough to make me cum a third time, screaming and gasping, almost sobbing as pleasure explodes through my naked body.

Now, I'm completely consumed as I service the seven men crowded around me. I have to trade off, of course, with my mouth and my hands, but the men are getting more and more impatient. I like the sense of urgency I feel as they push their hard cocks into my face and my grasp, as their big hands feel me up, pull my hair, slap my ass and my tits.

It turns me on even more, and I beg them to fuck me harder.

So do you.

#

By the time the twelve men filter away, it's three in the morning, baby -- and you're much too exhausted to see them out the way you and I talked about.

I'm feeling weirdly energetic, though. Something about getting fucked so many times and cumming so hard gets me really riled up.

I kiss each man as he leaves. None of them seem to care that I'm dripping cum. My hair is soaked with it. My tits and face and stomach glisten with it. And, of course, it pours down my thighs. How many loads got pumped into my pussy, tonight?

I don't know, baby. I just know you'll eat it all out of me. As much as you can, baby. If you ever want that chastity tube off, you'll lick till you drop.

When the last man leaves and the doors slams behind him, I walk over to you, leaving a trail of dripping cum on the living room carpet -- you'll have to clean it later, baby.

You're still locked in chastity, of course. But with your ass and your mouth getting so well fucked by big black cock, darling, there was simply

no way your dick could have stayed soft...even though it's incredibly painful to get a hard-on in the chastity tube. Your dick head is swelling against the clear plastic, darling. And the little spike I made sure was there for your peehole? Well, it's shoved in *deep*, baby. I don't even want to think about what kind of pain you must be feeling.

Then again, maybe I do want to think about it. It gets me fucking *hot*.

My cunt drips cum, and so does my ass. I've got twelve men's loads in me and on me -- and most of them came more than once. Jay and Stephen came *three times*. And of course, that doesn't count the loads that you took in your mouth, on your face, on your ass.

You look up at me, your eyes bleary. You're breathing hard.

I position yourself over you, spreading my legs wide. Cum drips down on your face.

"Ready for dessert, darling?" I ask you happily.

You moan weakly.

Laughing, I sit on your face.

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Bad News by Ginger Gibson

Honey, it really means a lot to me that you agreed to let me lock up your cock. There's something so sexy about a guy who's willing to really surrender to his woman.

I mean, you're the first man who's let me do "chastity play." It feels so good to have you locked up that I want to be totally honest. I want us to really be on the same page. That's kind of why I talked you in to also wearing panties and letting me put lipstick and blush on you. I mean...not that you had a choice, once your cock was locked up. I mean, I've got both the keys, baby. Like you're really going to say no to me now?

Anyway, I love you, baby. I just want to say that before I tell you anymore, baby. It means a lot to me that you let me keep both of the keys. I want you to know that I really, really love you.

But I'm afraid I've got some bad news. Remember how I told you last night that I wanted to start seeing other people? Well, that was a little white lie. See, I've *already* started seeing other people.

I've got a boyfriend. His name is Trevor, and I've been seeing him for three months. By which I mean, that's how long we've been sleeping together. That's right, baby, I started cheating on you with Trevor right about the time that I decided to stop sleeping with you. I know, dear. It was really evil of me not to tell you about Trevor before I got you to put on that chastity tube. But what does it matter, baby? It's on, now, and I've got the key. I know you let me lock you up under duplicitous circumstances.

But what should I do? I mean, would you rather I keep lying to you now that you've agreed to have your dick locked up and for me to have the only key? I mean...that wouldn't be healthy, baby. I have to follow my bliss.

It's been really weighing on me being all secretive...having to sneak around with Trevor behind your back. And so, I'll admit it, I lied one last time, to get you to put that chastity tube on.

Whew! It feels good to get that off my chest.

Darling, how can you even ask? Of course you're not getting the key back. I'm never unlocking you, darling.

Since I'm being totally honest, I have to tell you...the very idea of your tiny gross little thing being unlocked and out there stiffening at every pretty pair of tits -- ugh! It makes me sick, darling. I know what a lusty little pervert you are, baby. But it makes me even sicker to think about giving up that fat six-figure income. I mean, it's a real rush to know that's *my* money, now -- not ours, but *mine*. I'm in total control of our bank account now, baby. Yes, darling, total control.

Remember? I've got the only key to your chastity tube.

Hee hee! Well, I guess that's a little white lie, too.

You already know there are *two* keys.

And just to be totally honest, I gave Trevor the other one.

Why did I do that? Because I want you and Trevor to get along, darling. He's going to be over here a lot now that you're locked up. And when he comes over in about fifteen minutes, darling...well, if you want to get unlocked for a weekly HJ like we talked about, well, then you'd better give a hand job or two of your own. And you know what, baby? If you feel like going a little further with Trevor...that would be OK, too. In fact, an enthusiastic blowjob might get you a blowjob of your own for your weekly squirt, baby...*maybe*.

Either way, I'd suggest that when Trevor comes over in about fifteen minutes, you do your best to please him, if you know what I mean.

Oh, don't look like that, baby. That's the good news. Want to know the bad news? It's that Trevor likes it rough. I've been fucking him for months, honey, and I can verify that he's *very demanding*, honey. In fact, from how

good and hard he fucks me, He may not even be satisfied with a blowjob, baby...even if you really want to give him one. He may expect something more, baby.

What? Stop whining, baby. Why do you think I've even training you with my strap-on? I've known for months that you and Trevor would have to get to know each other eventually. This way...it'll be easier for you, baby. When he bends you over, just close your eyes and pretend it's my cock inside you.

Of course, that might be hard, since his cock is a lot bigger than my strap-on. But that's one of the great things about him. He'll make sure you get used to it *fast*. Like I said, darling...Trevor can be *very demanding*.

And I'm pretty sure you'll learn to love that about him, baby. I know I did.

And if you don't? Well, that's why Trevor and I have the only keys to your chastity tube, baby.

We'll just give you a couple of weeks without cumming to think about how much you want to please us. Sooner or later...you'll adapt, baby.

In the meantime, want me to warm you up for Trevor with my strap-on?

Yes you do, baby. Trust me, you do. Get your ass in the bedroom. And don't pretend you don't like it. Because Trevor gets *rough* when guys do that. And believe me, baby, he'll be rough enough without any encouragement...

Get into the bedroom, baby. Crawl.

"What You Really, Really Want" first appeared in *Chastity in Lace*. Deception Press, 2012. Copyright © 2012 by the author. Used by permission of the author. All rights reserved.

What You Really, Really Want by Sonia Palmer

You should be careful what you tell me, baby. You should be careful what you ask for. If you're not careful, I might find out what you really, really want.

And maybe I already did.

I mean, we've only been together for three months, right? When you tell me things like you told me last night...a girl could get the wrong idea.

I might think you actually *want* those bad, bad things to happen, rather than just fantasizing about them.

I don't mean the thing about you wanting to wear panties, baby. I figured that out on our first date, just from the way that you blushed when I flashed you a little, did you think that was an accident? I mean, why do you think I kept dropping hints, baby, or did you really think it was *your* idea to wear my panties and let me put lipstick and eye shadow on you?

Letting me lock you in chastity and dress you up in panties and put makeup on you was very brave, baby. But as for that chastity tube, you don't even know yet just how brave it really is. But you will.

Because even though you think I'll unlock you, baby -- if you decide you really need me to -- I've never been great about safewords.

And you know what? I think that's okay with you.

Because I think in your fantasies, you *like* it when a mean bitchy girlfriend like me won't unlock a guy's chastity tube, even though she promised she would.

How do I know? Well, I'll get to that, honey. Just sit there and listen. Listen and *squirm*.

You already know you should be careful what you tell me, baby. You should be careful what you dream of, what you jack off to. You should be careful what you let yourself want, because I might give it to you. But you already know about that, because you've probably figured out by now that you didn't even really ask me as nicely as you did to get me to do a little "chastity play" with you, darling, and to help you cross-dress. Ha ha!

You're just starting to think that maybe I've done this before, aren't you? Yeah, baby. You would be right. Remember my old boyfriend Nick that I told you about? Well, I told you a little white lie, baby. Nick and I didn't break up. I *sold him*. Or should I say "her"? Because by the time I turned her over to her buyers, she wasn't named Nick any more. Her name is Nicole, and I get emails from her now and then -- with very pretty pictures. From what I can see, she's *very* happy in that brothel in Nevada. She's made a *lot* of new friends. I really like it when my boyfriends make new friends.

That's why you should be careful what you whisper to me when I've got you tied up and my fingers in your ass, all covered in latex and slicked up with lube. You should be careful how loud you moan when I say really, really, really bad things to you, baby, like "I bet you'd like it if I went out and fucked some strangers and then came home smelling and tasting like them, huh?"

You really shouldn't moan like crazy when I say that, baby. A girl could get tempted. You really should be more careful what you admit you want.

And you should *really* get a password for your laptop.

But it's no use playing games now, baby. The damage is done. I read those stories you saved on your hard drive, in the file marked "Private" and the one inside that marked "Femdom" and the one inside that marked "Favorites." I looked at those pictures, with the dirty little captions describing exactly what I might think you want if I didn't know better. I even watched the video clips you file-shared, baby.

I had to fast-forward, though, because I did it while you were in the shower. Probably jacking off, if there's any truth to the stories in the file marked "Femdom fantasies I wrote." If there's any truth to those stories, baby, you just about *always* jack off. I know a lot of those stories you wrote way before I even knew you, but you obviously liked them enough to keep them right there bookmarked on your hard drive.

And if there's any truth to the stories, then you spend almost all your time thinking about how your girlfriend -- that's right, that would be me at the moment -- is off fucking black guys...picking the up in bars and getting fucked in the men's rooms, bareback and unprotected, and bringing home nice juicy loads for you to eat right out of her snatch.

If your filthy little stories are any indication, you're probably thinking about that when you go down on me.

I always wondered why you do it so well, baby.... now I know. It's because you're fantasizing that every time you and I fool around, it's because I'm horny to have brought a nice hot load up inside me. You're going to town on my pussy because you can't stop thinking about how good I feel when those big manly black guys bend me over in a train station or a rest stop, or at my apartment, right on my bed, on the nights when I called you and told you to come over an hour later than usual. Or even on *your* bed, when you're out running errands on a Saturday.

Look, baby...all I'm saying is, if you're not going to password-protect your laptop and you're going to let me get anywhere near it, I'm going to snoop. You have to know that. So you have to know that I'd find that stuff...that I'd find out what a filthy little pervert you are.

And so last night you were really going out on a limb -- far more than I knew at the time. You were really risking a lot when you asked me, blushingly, "Do you think you might want to dominate me some time? Nothing heavy, just a little...*play*?"

"Sometime" turned out to be now, mostly because when I grabbed your nipples, you melted like a horny little pig bottom...and you looked so fucking cute sprawled out on the couch underneath me. You got all hard and horny when I grabbed your throat, when I bit your neck, when I pulled your hair. And by the time I worked up to slapping your face? It was obvious you wanted more than just "a little play."

That's why I spanked you, baby. That's why I made you pull down your pants and I spanked you. That's why I squeezed your balls and fucked your ass with my fingers. I'm telling you, darling, I'm familiar with the ins and outs, so to speak, of the male anatomy. I know what a tight virgin asshole feels like. Yours isn't one. What was it, baby, a dildo? Did one of your girlfriends give it to you good, baby -- maybe more than one? Or were you just fooling around with your fingers, like I did last night?

Did you wish you had a dildo the same way I wished I had a strap-on, so I could give you what you so badly need?

Well, I'm ready to give it to you, baby. You might think I'm naïve, but I've done this before. Three months into our relationship, I find out what a pervert you are? Please, darling...I've been there before.

That's why I've decided to come clean, baby.

Yeah, I fuck strangers, baby...lots and lots of strangers. I fuck lots and lots of strangers. It's usually black guys -- I don't know why, I just like them, baby. I'm attracted to black men. Sometimes I see a black man and I just want to drop my panties. I fuck them in men's rooms, cars, motel rooms, alleys. Even at orgies, baby...I mean *gangbangs* of course, since it's always just me and my "friends." Sometimes I'll take on, like, twelve guys, baby.

And yeah, baby, I hadn't really thought about it, but I guess I always *do* get horny for strange black cock when I know I'm going to see you. Maybe that's why every night when I come over to your place after work, I drop by the train station first. I've tried to resist the urge, but I just can't. I park in twenty-minute parking. I sneak into the men's room. I just go right into the

stall and bend over, baby....I'll never know who does me. Sometimes it's one guy, sometimes it's ten. Either way, I walk out good and wet for you, darling.

I bring you what you want. I bring you *just what you want*.

And as for the weekends, baby? When I stay over at your place, making lazy love with you and napping through the afternoon? I don't always sleep, baby. Sometimes I sneak down to the corner store right by your house. I don't even get dressed, really -- not all the way. No panties, no bra....just a tight pair of white sweats and a tank top that guys can see right through. It's never hard to make a connection, baby. When you look like me, and you're dressed like that, it doesn't take more than a toss of my hair to get invited back to your neighbor's house. Do you even know how many smoking hot black guys live on your block, baby? Plenty. And recently, since we got together, I think more and more of them drop by the corner store. I've ever fucked the clerks, baby....all of them.

And then I come back home steaming, horny for you. Wet up inside, where I let them fuck me bareback. I'm dripping their cum, and you don't even know it. I snuggle up next to you in bed, baby, smelling like them even more than I already smell like you.

You know how I wake you up with a blowjob some afternoons? That's just a smokescreen. What I really want is to sit on your face.

You give really good head, baby. *Really* good head.

Ant it turns me on to humiliate you like that. That's why I always cum when you lick me. No, it isn't your skilled little pervert tongue, baby. It isn't how focused you are on my pleasure, as you fantasize about how many cocks have been up inside me. You're not the one who gets me off, baby -- at least, it's not your oral skills. It's the memory of how good those strangers' cocks were, and how humiliated you would be if you knew you were chowing down on a stranger's seed.

And now you ask if I'd like to "play"? If maybe I might want to "dominate" you?

And the day after I find out just what an easy little horny little pig bottom you are, I find out you *want* what I've already given you?

Well, baby. The second I read those stories, I knew I just had to come clean. I knew I just had to tell you all about my little adventures baby.

And I can see you like it...you like it a lot. In fact, you're almost as hard as they are, baby. The strangers, I mean, baby. The ones I let fuck me.

Your dick is almost as hard as theirs get, baby. But do I even need to say it?

You're nowhere near as big.

So why don't I give you just what you've been wanting, baby?

See, on the way over to your place tonight, I took a few extra minutes and went down by the river. There were some *hot* guys there, baby...just kind of kicking back and getting high. I wasn't wearing panties, baby. I never do, now that I know what you're into. Now that I know how bad you *want* me to be a total slut for strangers. I wasn't wearing panties, and you already know how short my skirt is. Here, baby, why not put your hand up it. Why don't you feel me, baby...there. You feel how wet and slick and gooey I am? There's not just from being turned on baby...yeah, I'm turned on. But you know as well as I do that I'm way too wet for that to explain it, baby. I'm positively *dripping*.

You wanna know why? You've already guessed, but I'll go ahead and tell you 'cause I know you wanna hear. It's because those guys down by the river, baby... well, all of them spread me and fucked me. Two bent me over and did me from behind. Two of them rode me...missionary-style. The fifth and the sixth just wanted blowjobs. And you know how much I love to suck cock, baby...at least, when it's attached to a stranger. Keep fucking your fingers into me, baby. Get me off again and maybe I'll give you a hand job.

And I bet you can feel how sensitive my pussy is -- oh! Oh fuck, baby, that feels good. Yeah, your fingers, oh fuck, they hit all the right spots, baby. Too bad your cock doesn't do the same. If you wanna get down and suck it, baby...just go ahead, get down on your knees. Yeah lick me, baby...if you wanna. If you don't...well, then, I'll just drag you to bed and sit on your face later, okay? I know you won't say no.

Because I know that you wanna be dominated.

Now I know you wanna be dominated by a slutty girlfriend who makes you lick her pussy clean after she fucks a bunch of strangers.

Am I wrong, baby? Were those stories just fantasies?

Well, that's too bad, baby...because it's a little late for that. I already invited a couple of friends over. That's right, baby...guys I met at the train station. You can hear them coming up the stairs now. I told them I have a boyfriend in panties who really wants to meet them. A boyfriend who will do anything I say.

A boyfriend who knows what he really, really wants. He's been getting it from me -- but now he wants to drink it right from the source.

Want me to go to the door and tell them you're not ready to get what you really, really want, baby?

Yeah, well, I thought you'd say that. That's why I waited till I'd locked you in chastity. I mean, I can already tell that you're really fighting not to get hard, baby. Don't even try to pretend you're not as turned on as you are. That's what makes it so sexy, baby. You can get as turned on as you want, but you'll still be soft...just like a girl. Soft and wet, since your little cock is drooling all that pre-cum, baby. You're positively *dripping*.

There's the doorbell, baby! That's my friends. They're coming here to play. They want to meet you, baby. They're going to give you what you really, really want.

Why don't you crawl to the door and answer it, baby?

You can trust me, baby. And you can trust my friends. You can trust them to bring you what you want.

That's it, baby. Down on your knees. Crawl to the door. Tell my friends what you really, really want.